

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, and Sciences.

No. 1814.

London, Saturday, October 25, 1851.

Price Threepence.
Stamped Edition, Fourpence.

Enlargement of THE LITERARY GAZETTE FOR THE PURPOSES OF SCIENCE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

The Proprietors of 'THE LITERARY GAZETTE,' impressed with a conviction that it was not possible to treat efficiently of Literature, Science, Fine Arts, Music, and the Drama, within the limits of a paper of sixteen pages, resolved, at the commencement of their undertaking in January last, to devote the Journal exclusively to the interests of Literature. As the season arrived for the Exhibitions of Pictures, it was found necessary, in compliance with the wishes of many Subscribers, to give critical notices of them; but these were insufficient to mark the progress of the Fine Arts, while they intrenched upon the space intended for Literature. The insertion of Reviews of Scientific Works elicited also complaints that the Reports of the Learned Societies should have been relinquished, and it has been felt that a weekly record of the progress of Science is still a desideratum.

Encouraged by the success that has attended their efforts in the department of Literature, (the circulation of 'THE LITERARY GAZETTE,' notwithstanding these deficiencies, having been more than doubled,) the Proprietors have determined to enlarge their Journal to twenty-four pages—and occasionally to thirty-two pages if rendered necessary by advertisements—and to devote the additional space to special departments of

SCIENCE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, and the DRAMA.

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WERE the famous wishing carpet of the 'Arabian Nights' either purchasable or let out for hire, we could not resist the temptation of taking a fly to the West Indies, and alighting among the mountains of Jamaica. We would go there when the yellow fever was out of season, and, by a careful study of Colonel Reid's laws of storms, select the interval between two hurricanes for our visit. How delightful to rise out of the semi-solid atmosphere of London and find one's self suddenly under the cloudless heavens of the tropics! Doubtless, the sun is very hot, but then we would choose the cool evening for our flight, and so avoid inconveniences. Seated under a palm-tree, with an arborescent fern in the foreground, and a grove of cocoa-nuts in the distance, we would pass a few hours of intense exotic enjoyment. All manner of curious creatures would congregate around us—strange birds with bright feathers; agile lizards, changing colour every moment; beetles with prodigious horns, and wasps with awful stings; snails with no ends to their shells; and, at a safe distance, boa constrictors of terrific dimensions. And yet how confused and uninteresting our pleasure would be amid all these wonders if we were ignorant of natural history! Unable to observe correctly, incapable of judging of the meaning of the curious organisms about us, we should soon begin to lament our neglect of the most fascinating of sciences, and find ourselves in the condition of ninety-nine out of a hundred travellers through foreign parts.

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do not possess a record. A few such volumes as this on Jamaica, in which the writer treads in the path of our own Gilbert White, would furnish us with more real natural-history science than a hundred dry Faunas and Floras, valuable as such documents unquestionably are.

Mr. Gosse is well and favourably known for his zoological acquirements, and, besides books of lesser mark, is the author of a charming volume descriptive of the periodical natural-history phenomena of Canada, of a valuable account of the birds of Jamaica, and of a popular British ornithology. The work now before us consists of a series of interesting notes and descriptions of animal and vegetable life, with occasional vivid pictures of scenery. It is by far the best delineation of the aspect of animated nature in the tropical islands of the western hemisphere that we have yet seen, and this is no mean praise, since several excellent volumes have been devoted to this region. It is written in a remarkably pleasing style, and is as attractive to the ordinary as to the scientific reader.

No sooner did Mr. Gosse land in Jamaica than he commenced his search after living things in right earnest, and from the moment of putting foot on shore seems to have persecuted unceasingly every sort of creeping thing that came in his way. Animal and vegetable had equal attractions for him, and *Cincinnela* had no more chance of escape than *Convolvulus*. Let us see how he fared among those exquisite productions of tropical seas, the corals:—

"Observing that what appeared to be rocks under water were really growing corals, I stripped and got in among them. They are of many kinds and of various colours; being covered with the round disks of the soft gelatinous animals aggregated so closely as to touch each other, giving a very slimy unpleasant feeling to the foot that treads on them, though with a shoe on; for I dared not trust myself with naked feet among the *Echini*, and other formidable creatures, not to mention the sharp points of the honeycombed rocks. It was at the ebb of a spring-tide, the moon setting as I began my examination; yet I found little variation in the height of the water, tide here being very small. Some of the corals (*Millepora complanata*?) grow in thin irregular perpendicular plates, joining each other at various angles, so as to form large honeycomb work, somewhat resembling the second stomach of an ox; others present thick flattened branches, covered with minute projecting mouths; these are of a bright fawn-colour, while alive; other close-pored masses, of a rounded form, are bright grass-green; and huge round brainstones (*Meandrina*) which are very numerous, are of a dull olive-brown hue. The first two kinds were easily broken, so that I detached large fragments without difficulty; but though touching them for this purpose did not sensibly affect the hand, the more tender skin of the thighs and legs was susceptible of a stinging influence from the slightest contact; and my leg, which was rudely scratched against one, presently swelled up into a large tumour, very painful. The water in some parts was up to my neck, and the rolling surge made it difficult to preserve my footing. All were slimy to the touch; but a very branched and flexible kind, growing in a tuft of numerous stems, springing from a common basal point, and waving gracefully in the roll of the sea,—was particularly slimy, and communicated to the hands more of the remarkably strong nauseous smell, which all living corals possess. Three or four living Sea-fans I took, and also some soft bunches of a plentiful Coraline.

"After this I waded out to the reef which runs along parallel to the shore, at about a hundred yards' distance from it. The water here was knee-

deep. Many small Corals were on the bottom, apparently alive, of different species, some of which were very pretty. On almost every specimen that we lifted there were marine animals, parasitically lodged in the interstices. Among them were two or three of a little *Sepia*, that adhered with exceeding tenacity to the coral, and contracted its arms so as to lie in the hollows, resisting all attempts at dislodgement; till suddenly, on a moment's respite, the creature would rear up its leprous form, like Satan before Ithuriel, and try to scud away. A species of *Aphrodite* was numerous, which on being handled thrust out bundles of white silky bristles that adhered to the fingers; their points had been visible before, just projecting from the sides. Starfishes (*Ophiura*), of two or three species, entwined their snake-like tails in the crevices, and were difficult to get out; and when out, usually broke into fragments. One specimen dismembered itself the moment it left the water, before it had been touched."

Reptiles are as characteristic of tropical shores as corals are of the seas. Now that we have so fine a collection of them displayed in the Zoological Gardens, not a few of the kinds mentioned by travellers, and hitherto only familiar in the uninteresting shape of stuffed specimens, may be seen alive, and before long we may hope to gratify our curiosity by the inspection of many of the odd creatures mentioned in the following graphic description of reptilian life in Jamaica:—

"One feature with which a stranger cannot fail to be struck on his arrival in the island, and which is essentially tropical, is the abundance of the Lizards that everywhere meet his eye. As soon as ever he sets foot on the beach, the rustlings among the dry leaves, and the dartings hither and thither among the spiny bushes that fringe the shore, arrest his attention; and he sees on every hand the beautifully coloured and meek-faced Ground Lizard (*Ameiva dorsalis*) scratching like a bird among the sand, or peering at him from beneath the shadow of a great leaf, or creeping stealthily along with its chin and belly upon the earth, or shooting over the turf with such a rapidity, that it seems to fly rather than run. By the road-sides, and in the open pastures, and in the provision-grounds of the negroes, still he sees this elegant and agile Lizard; and his prejudices against the reptile races must be inveterate indeed, if he can behold its gentle countenance, and timid but bright eyes, its chaste but beautiful hues, its graceful form and action, and its bird-like motions, with any other feeling than admiration.

"As he walks along the roads and lanes that divide the properties, he will perceive at every turn the smooth and trim little figures of the Wood-slaves (*Mabouya agilis*) basking on the loose stones of the dry walls; their glossy fish-like scales glistening in the sun with metallic brilliance. They lie as still as if asleep; but on the intruder's approach they are ready in a moment to dart into the crevices of the stones, and disappear until the danger is past.

"If he looks into the outbuildings of the estates, the mill-house, or the boiling-house, or the cattle-sheds, a singular croaking sound above his head causes him to look up; and then he sees clinging to the rafters, or crawling sluggishly along with the back downward, three or four Lizards, of form, colour, and action very diverse from those he has seen before. It is the Gecko, or Croaking Lizard (*Thecadactylus laris*), a nocturnal animal in its chief activity, but always to be seen in these places, or in hollow trees, even by day. Its appearance is repulsive, I allow, but its reputation for venom is libellous and groundless.

"The stranger walks into the dwelling-house. Lizards, lizards, still meet his eye. The little Anoles (*A. iodurus*, *A. opalinus*, &c.) are chasing each other in and out between the jalouses, now stopping to protrude from the throat a broad disk of brilliant colour, crimson or orange, like the petal of a flower, then withdrawing it, and again displaying it in coquettish play. Then one leaps a

yard or two through the air, and alights on the back of his playfellow; and both struggle and twist about in unimaginable contortions. Another is running up and down on the plastered wall, catching the ants as they roam in black lines over its whitened surface; and another leaps from the top of some piece of furniture upon the back of the visitor's chair, and scampers nimbly along the collar of his coat. It jumps on the table;—can it be the same? An instant ago it was of the most beautiful golden green, except the base of the tail, which was of a soft, light, purple hue; now, as if changed by an enchanter's wand, it is of a sordid sooty brown all over, and becomes momentarily darker and darker, or mottled with dark and pale patches of a most unpleasing aspect. Presently, however, the mental emotion, whatever it was, anger, or fear, or dislike, has passed away, and the lovely green hue sparkles in the glancing sunlight as before.

"He lifts the window-sash; and instantly there run out on the sill two or three minute Lizards of a new kind, allied to the Gecko, the common Pallette-tip (*Sphaeriodactylus argus*). It is scarcely more than two inches long, more nimble than fleet in its movements, and not very attractive.

"In the woods he would meet with other kinds. On the trunks of the trees he might frequently see the Venus (*Dactyloa Edwardsii*), as it is provincially called; a Lizard much like the Anoles of the houses, of a rich grass-green colour, with orange throat-disk, but much larger and fiercer; or in the eastern parts of the island the great Iguana (*Cyclura lophoma*), with its dorsal crest like the teeth of a saw running all down its back, might be seen lying out on the branches of the trees, or playing bo-peep from a hole in the trunk; or, in the swamps and morasses of Westmoreland, the yellow Galliwasps (*Celestus occiduus*), so much dreaded and abhorred, yet without reason, might be observed sitting idly in the mouth of its burrow, or feeding on the wild fruits and marshy plants that constitute its food."

The Venus lizard mentioned above is not so called on account of its beauty, though its brilliant colouring might entitle it to the complimentary appellation, but derives its name probably from some Indian word. In another part of his book, Mr. Gosse describes an amusing method of capturing this creature. It would appear to have musical tastes, a gift by no means advantageous, since a knowledge of them may be used greatly to its disadvantage; for its naturalist-enemy may insidiously attract and fascinate Venus by whistling a lively tune, whilst he encircles her neck with a loop of string at the end of a switch, and so secures his prey.

Every one has heard or read of the famous exploit of Mr. Waterton among the alligators, how that adventurous traveller bestrode a furious cayman, and conquered the huge monster by dint of wondrous daring. Severely has that eccentric naturalist been handled by stay-at-home critics for his breaking-in of an alligator, and many a scribe, who would find much more difficulty in keeping his seat on a spirited pony, has dared to doubt the possibility of bestriding a cayman. The following well-authenticated anecdote, whilst it bears out the account of Mr. Waterton, leaves him no longer unrivalled as a dragon bestrider:—

"Some time in the spring of 29 or 30 (most probably in March, 1830), a Cayman from the neighbouring Lagoons of Lyson's Estate in St. Thomas's in the East, that used occasionally to poach the ducks and ducklings, having free warren about the Water-mill, was taken in his prowl, and killed. All sorts of suspicion were entertained about the depredator among the ducks, till the crocodile was surprised lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder. Downie, the engineer of the plantation, shot at him and wounded him; and though it did not seem that he was much hurt, he

was hit with such sensitive effect, that he immediately rose out of the pond to regain the morass. It was now that David Brown, an African wainman, came up; and before the reptile could make a dodge to get away, he threw himself astride over his back, snatched up his fore paws in a moment, and held them doubled up. The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to move freely his hind feet, and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavour to grub himself onward. As he was necessarily confined to move in a circle, he was pretty nearly held to one spot. The African kept his seat. His place across the beast being at the shoulders, he was exposed only to severe jerks as a chance of being thrown off. In this way a huge reptile eighteen feet long, for so he measured when killed, was held *manu forti* by one man, till Downie reloaded his fowling-piece, and shot him quietly through the brain."

We must now indulge in a quotation from this pleasant volume, in order to show that its author is fully as keen an admirer of the beauties of the vegetable world as he is an observer of the manners and customs of the members of the animal kingdom. A picturesque landscape is described by him as enthusiastically as a knot of snakes or a new beetle. The following sketch of tropical vegetation in the neighbourhood of a negro village is full of truthfulness and delicate painting:—

"One cannot look on a little negro hamlet without being struck with its extreme picturesqueness. The peasants who commonly labour on the same estate usually have their huts congregated together, not by the side of a high road, but retired into some secluded nook, approachable through a narrow winding path. You might pass within a stone's throw of the village, and hardly be aware of its existence, except by the hogs which scamper away on the sight of a stranger into the bush, or the poultry that strut and pick about the vicinity. This love of seclusion is almost invariable, and is no doubt a habit inherited from 'slavery-time,' when it was an object to keep the domestic economy as much out of the way of Buckra as possible. If you purposely seek the collection of cabins, you will probably have some difficulty in threading the maze of Pinguins into which the original fence has spread. This plant (*Bromelia pinguin*) is very commonly cultivated as a fence, being absolutely impenetrable; when not in flower or fruit it can hardly be distinguished from the Pine-apple, but is more vigorous and formidable, the recurved spines with which the edges of the long leaves are set being exceedingly sharp, and inflicting terrible scratches. When flowering in March it is a beautiful object; the central leaves being of the most beautiful glossy vermilion, and the thick spike of blossom of a delicate pink-white. This is replaced by a dense head of hard woody capsules, not united into a compound succulent fruit as in the Pine-apple, but separate, though closely packed. They contain an acid juice, which is pleasant to moisten the lips or tongue, but is found to be acrid and caustic if used in any quantity.

"The picturesque beauty of which I have spoken as characterizing the peasants' hamlets does not depend on the habitations themselves; these are small huts, generally made of wattle or hurdle-work, and thatched with the fronds of some of the Palms. But it is in the variety and grandeur of the various trees in which they are embowered. It so happens that the tropical trees most valued for their fruit are also eminently conspicuous for beauty. The Papaw, whose large fruit has the singular property of rendering tender the toughest meat with a few drops of its juice, and the Cocoanut which supplies meat and drink, are fine examples of tall and slender grace. The glossy evergreen of all the Citron tribe, from the great Shaddock to the little Lime,—how beautifully it throws out into relief the noble golden fruit, or serves as a ground for the delicately white blos-

soms, studding the dark trees like stars on a winter night's sky, as fragrant too as lovely! The Star-apple, with its parti-coloured leaves, shining green on one surface, and on the other a bright golden bay, has an indescribable effect, as its mass of foliage, all quivering and dancing in the breeze, changes momentarily in a thousand points from the one hue to the other. But there are two other trees which help more than all the rest to produce the admired result. Both are of stately form and noble dimensions. The one is the Mango, which, though introduced at no very distant period, now grows almost everywhere, at least around every homestead, gentle or simple. It forms a towering compact conical head of foliage peculiarly dense and dark, through which no ray of the sun penetrates. He who has once seen the Mango growing in its own ample dimensions, will never mistake it for another tree, nor ever forget the impression produced by its magnificent form and massive proportions. The other is the Bread Fruit; like the Mango, a foreigner made to feel himself at home. The negroes cultivate it more than the higher classes: I was myself disappointed in the fruit; it has a sort of wooliness not agreeable; but I bear willing testimony to the fine appearance presented by it when hanging by scores from the thick many-jointed twigs. The enormous leaves, eighteen inches in length and breadth, elegantly cut into fingers, and of a beautiful green, well set off the large depending fruit, and seem to suit its colossal dimensions.

"These are the grander features of the scene, which, mingled with other trees, form groves of many-tinted foliage, and much variety of light and shadow. The under growth, however, is no less pleasing. The lively tender green of the Plantains and Bananas planted in regular avenues, the light tracery of the Yams, the Cho-chos, the Melons and Gourds, the numerous sorts of Peas, and other climbers, among which several species of Passion-flower throw their elegant foliage, magnificent blossoms, and grateful acid fruits over the branches of the trees,—the delicate forms of the Castor-oil tree and the Cassavas; the noble flower of the esculent Hibiscus or Okra—these are the ordinary, almost I might say universal, features of a Jamaican negro-garden; and when I add to these fine Convolvuli and Ipomeas of rainbow hues, the pride of our conservatories, and large white and yellow species of Echites, that, altogether unsought, trail in wild luxuriance about the fences,—I shall be justified in pronouncing the scene one of more than common loveliness, even in the grandeur and beauty of a tropical land."

With the following charming description of a moonlight night in Jamaica, we must bring our notice of Mr. Gosse's journal to a close:—

"There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics. It is pleasant to sit on the landing-place at the top of the flight of steps in front of Bluefields House, after night has spread her 'purple wings' over the sky, or even to lie at full length on the smooth stones; it is a hard bed, but not a cold one, for the thick flags, exposed to the burning sun through the day, become thoroughly heated, and retain a considerable degree of warmth till morning nearly comes again. The warmth of the flat stones is particularly pleasant, as the cool night breezes play over the face. The scene is favourable for meditation; the moon, 'walking in brightness,' gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward, the beasts, lying down here and there, the fruit-trees, the surrounding forest, and the glistening sea spread out in front, a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north. The babbling of the little rivulet, winning its way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear, of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the surf falling on the beach at measured intervals,—a low hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these: the Mocking Bird takes his seat on the highest twig

of the orange tree at my feet, and pours forth his rich and solemn gushes of melody, with such an earnestness as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighbouring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers, each striving his utmost to outsing the other, until the silence of the lonely night rings with bursts, and swells, and tender cadences of melodious song. Here and there, over the pasture, the intermittent green spark of the Firefly flits along, and at the edges of the bounding woods scores of twinkling lights are seen, appearing and disappearing in the most puzzling manner. Three or four Bats are silently winging along through the air, now passing over the face of the vertical moon like tiny black specks, now darting through the narrow arch beneath the steps, and now flitting so close over head that one is tempted to essay their capture with an insect-net. The light of the moon, however, though clearly revealing their course, is not powerful or precise enough for this, and the little nimble Leatherwings pursue their giddy play in security."

Much valuable information, most fully and fairly acknowledged, has been contributed to the work by a resident gentleman of Jamaica, Mr. Richard Hill, who appears to be an acute and experienced observer. Mr. Gosse is an able artist as well as naturalist, and has embellished his book with several well-chosen views of Jamaica scenery, and some spirited coloured drawings of remarkable animals, especially of reptiles and fishes. They increase the attractions of a volume which is sure to add to its author's fame, and to find a permanent place on the shelves of every good library.

A History of Greek Classical Literature.
By R. W. Browne, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. Bentley.

THE history of literature has been singularly neglected by modern writers. A full and comprehensive history of our own literature has never yet been written; and the literature of the other modern languages of Europe has not been more fortunate. It is impossible to understand the social and political history of a people without some acquaintance with its literature, for the latter not only mirrors the thoughts and feelings of the age in which it is produced, but is also frequently one of the most powerful causes in promoting social and political changes. It is also impossible to understand in its full significance the literature of any particular period without some knowledge of those literary works which preceded it, and to which it is indebted for many of its ideas and forms. As soon as a people possesses an extensive national literature, it ought to possess an historian of its intellectual wealth; and the writer who could give such a history of our national literature, as the grandeur of the subject demands, would undoubtedly receive an abundant recompense. The literature, however, of the chief European languages is so extensive, and is daily receiving such numerous additions, that a man may well pause before undertaking a work of such magnitude. But those difficulties do not exist in the case of Greek and Roman literature. The extant works of the Greek and Roman writers are comparatively few in number; they have been in our hands for centuries; and every one of them has received more or less elucidation and illustration from the labours of modern European scholars. Notwithstanding all these advantages, there does not yet exist in any modern language a complete history, either of Greek or of

Roman literature, which deserves to rank with the political histories of Gibbon, Niebuhr, and Grote. The only two histories of Roman literature which even deserve to be mentioned are those by Bähr and Bernhardy; and although the latter writer has greatly improved his work in the edition just published, neither of them meets the requirements of modern scholarship. Separate and isolated portions of Greek literature have been treated with great ability by German scholars, among whom Professor Welcker, of Bonn, deserves to be particularly mentioned; but with the exception of the work by K. O. Müller, unfortunately left a fragment by his lamented death, none of the great German scholars have aspired to give us a complete history of the subject. The English language can boast of the best literary history of Greece, as it can of the best political history of the country; and if Colonel Mure lives to complete his work with the same ability, and on the same extended plan with which it has been commenced, he will have supplied one of the great wants of modern literature.

But even if Colonel Mure's admirable history were finished, there would still be room for another work upon the subject. The ample account which Colonel Mure gives of each author and of his works, and his elaborate discussions of all controverted points, while they add greatly to the value of his history, necessarily increase its size and limit its circulation to the learned. The three volumes already published only bring down the history to the time of Solon, and many more will be required before he reaches the age of Alexander. Professor Browne does not venture to tread upon ground which is already so ably occupied. His object, he informs us, is "to collect within a moderate compass such facts and observations as might be interesting to the general reader, but which are now scattered over a wide surface, and cannot be brought together without pains and trouble." Accordingly, he gives in the two thin octavo volumes before us a survey of the history of Greek literature from the earliest times to the death of Aristotle. That such a work is wanted cannot admit of doubt; but we fear that the manner in which Professor Browne has executed his task will cause some disappointment. We are aware of the difficulties of the undertaking; and that it would be in some respects easier to give a full and complete account of Greek literature than only a popular sketch of the subject; but we think that if the author had employed his limited space more judiciously, he might have presented us with a more valuable as well as with a more interesting book. One of the first things which a reader has a right to expect, even in a brief history of Greek literature, is some account of the works of the chief writers, and that such an account should contain an analysis of the contents of each, with criticisms upon its merits or defects. It is in this point that Professor Browne's history is defective. Several important works are dismissed with a few lines; and when a description of any work is given, the account is usually so meagre and indefinite that the reader will fail to obtain any clear idea of its contents. It is true that there are exceptions to this observation, which we gladly specify. The chapters on Homer, Plato, and Aristotle contain as full an analysis of their works as could be expected in an epitome like the present; but

the reader will look in vain for any clear or connected view of the contents of the history of Herodotus, or of any of the tragedies of Euripides. The orators are treated with great brevity; no analysis is given of any of their orations; and the whole account of Demosthenes occupies only ten pages, while a hundred are devoted to Homer.

In the statement of facts, and in reference to authorities, the Professor is not always as precise as we could have wished. Thus, in relating the life of Xenophon, he says, "He [Xenophon] began life as a soldier, and in B.C. 424, fought at the battle of Delium;" and in support of this statement, the Professor refers, in a foot note, to Thucydides, iv. 96. Now this passage of Thucydides does not contain a word about Xenophon, and relates only to the battle of Delium in general. The authorities for the presence of Xenophon in this battle are Diogenes Laërtius and Strabo; and if any references were given at all, these writers, and not Thucydides, ought to have been quoted.

In the account of the summary in the first book of Thucydides the following passage occurs:—

"There is nothing in the whole range of Greek literature so important to the historical student as the brief summary of early Greek history contained in the first book. Although not free entirely from the trammels of mythological tradition, the author gives its deserved value to poetical testimony, and prepares the way for a more philosophical interpretation quite consistent with subsequent theories and discoveries. These few chapters are eminently suggestive; they are a text for the philosophical historian to expand and dilate upon; they furnish the materials and ground-work for the construction of all sound views respecting the origin and progress of Greek civilization. A remarkable specimen of the able manner in which he handles popular traditions and recollections, is furnished in the discussion respecting the story of Harmodius and Aristogiton. It is a masterly piece of historical criticism."

Any one would suppose from reading this passage that the discussion respecting the story of Harmodius and Aristogiton was contained in the first book of Thucydides; while it is well known, that though the subject is alluded to in the 20th chapter of the first book, the celebrated discussion referred to occurs in the seventh book.

Professor Browne gives scarcely any references to modern authorities. He may plead that the nature of his work precluded all such references; but we submit that an enumeration of the most important modern writers on each department of his subject would have occupied little space, and would have added greatly to the value of his book. Moreover, while his limits must have prevented him from entering into any detailed discussions on controverted points, he might occasionally have stated the arguments advanced on either side upon a few interesting and important subjects. We take as an example his remarks upon the character of Sappho. Mr. Browne follows Welcker, Müller, Thirlwall, and others in drawing a favourable picture of the character of the 'much calumniated Sappho'; but he makes no allusion to the very different estimate which Colonel Mure has formed of her morals, and to the elaborate arguments with which he supports his views.

Professor Browne's work has, however, considerable merits, and though not all we could desire, it is nevertheless the best general survey of the history of Greek literature that

has yet appeared in the English language. The following remarks upon the origin of Greek philosophy are marked by good sense, and deserve quotation, since they are opposed to that common error, which would derive all the civilization and knowledge of the Greeks from the East:—

"It is on the authority of authors of comparatively modern date, that the Oriental origin of Greek philosophy has been so much insisted on, whilst in the works of the oldest philosophical writers themselves, and of ancient historians, there is little or no evidence of that intercourse between them and Oriental philosophers which would be sufficient to account for their deriving their theories from such foreign sources. The doctrines of India, Persia, and Egypt are doubtless discovered in the philosophy of Greece, but the resemblance is rather general than exact, nor is it greater than might be expected to arise from the human intellect being applied to the investigation of the same subjects.

"The antecedent probability of such resemblance being discovered is still farther increased by the ethnical connexion which subsists between the different races of mankind. Knowing, as we do, that in the inhabitants of Greece were united two elements, from one of which the Persians derived their origin—from the other the civilized races of Northern India—we are prepared to expect that many of the philosophical doctrines held in their different countries would be found to be identical. It is not necessary to suppose intercourse between the founders of Greek philosophy and the Brachmans of India, or the Magi of Persia, in order to account for similarity of philosophical ideas developed from similarly constituted minds. Had there been any strong resemblance in points of detail, we might infer an historical connexion, because it is in details, rather than in vague and general principles, that instruction and tradition exercise their principal influence: but in details and subordinate parts, even of a most important kind, the similarity vanishes, and in the practical results and the applications to human conduct and physical phenomena the greatest possible difference is discernible. *A priori*, therefore, that degree of resemblance which may doubtless be traced between Oriental and Greek philosophy, furnishes no grounds for supposing that the latter derives its origin from the former. Nor is there reason to suppose that Greek philosophy was partly derived from the East, partly the offspring of national intellect. If this were the case, there would be want of unity, if not absolute inconsistency: but this is not the case.

"In the speculations of the earliest Greek philosophers, so far as an opinion can be formed from the fragments which remain, and from the dogmas quoted and referred to by other subsequent writers, there is no trace of that want of connexion which would necessarily result from the introduction of a foreign element. The sequence of ideas from the principles assumed, however false they may themselves be, is simple and logical, and such as might naturally result from the employment of acute and subtle reasoning powers, unaided by any help but the natural energy of a philosophical and inquiring spirit.

"There are likewise some deficiencies observable in the Greek philosophy, which would not have existed had intercourse with the East, and an acquaintance with Oriental systems exercised an influence on its doctrines. Eastern philosophy would have taught Greece more perfect notions respecting the personality of the Deity; would have accustomed the Greek mind to contemplate the divine power as creative, and as present and active in its influence over the phenomena of nature; would have defined more clearly the dealings of God with man as a moral governor of the universe, and probably would have suggested the authority of external revelation. These subjects did not form a part of Greek philosophy. Deity was little more than an abstract principle of reason. Matter was as eternal as God. Revelation was looked upon as a mythical fable. God did not

interfere in the concerns or interests of man. Whatever appearance is to be found of dependence upon divine help and support, it proceeds from the natural instinct which recognises the need of supernatural assistance, and which yearns for fellowship and communion with the Supreme Being. Moreover, when the historical evidence on which the assumption is based is accurately investigated, it appears to be wholly inadequate to establish the truth of such a theory. It is, in fact, derived from the authority of authors who flourished in too late a period to be of any value—a period subsequent to a time when an Oriental influence on philosophy had doubtless begun to be established. Accordingly, doctrines which were introduced after the decay of Greek philosophy had commenced, were erroneously referred to an age antecedent to its flourishing era; and principles, which were afterwards infused, were mistaken for the original sources from which the whole system was derived. It is not here contended that there is no connexion between Greek and Oriental philosophy, but that the latter is not the parent in any sense of the former; that they were independent of one another; that the spirit of Greek philosophy is essentially Greek; and that Oriental doctrines were a subsequent and late admixture and infusion. The period fixed by Ritter, with great appearance of probability, for the first infusion of Oriental doctrines into Greek philosophy synchronizes with the decay of the Socratic schools."

The origin and development of the Attic drama are also well described; and the religious element from which it sprung is brought out with the prominence it deserves:—

"The believers in a pure faith can scarcely understand a religious element in dramatic exhibitions. They who know that God is a spirit, and that they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, feel that his attributes are too awful to permit any ideas connected with Deity to be brought into contact with the exhibition of human passions. Religious poetry of any kind, except that which is inspired, has seldom been the work of minds sufficiently heavenly and spiritual to be perfectly successful in attaining the end of poetry, namely the elevation of the thoughts to a level with the subject. It brings God down to man instead of raising man to him. It causes that which is most offensive to religious feeling and even good taste, irreverent familiarity with subjects which cannot be contemplated without awe. But a religious drama would be, to those who realize to their own minds the spirituality of God, nothing less than anthropomorphism and idolatry.

"Christians of a less advanced age, and believers in a more sensuous creed, were able to view with pleasure the mystery-plays in which the gravest truths of the Gospel were dramatically represented, nay, more, just as the ancient Athenians could look even upon their gross and licentious comedy, as forming a part of the religious ceremony, so could Christians imagine a religious element in profane dramas, which represented, in a ludicrous light, subjects of the most holy character. So closely was the drama connected with religion, that it has been said, that even the plays of our own Shakespeare were reproductions of the prose romances of the day without the monkish religious element.

"But the imaginative Greek did not experience this difficulty. His gods were either the creatures of his own fancy, or they were human beings like himself, who had, while alive, attained the heroic standard, and after death had been deified. They possessed the same properties, feelings, passions and moral imperfections as himself; even the Supreme ruler of them all was not omnipotent. His own native land was theirs, they were like his fellow-country-men. He could bathe in the river, or drink of the fountain, or seek shade in the grove, or climb the hill which were pervaded by the influence, and consecrated by the presence, of deity. Parnassus, where the Muses, the authors of all inspiration, resided, was close at hand. The

mighty Olympus, the dwelling place of Zeus himself, he might behold with his own eyes.

"That dramatic representations should enter into the ceremonial of public worship, is quite consistent with the nature of the Greek religious belief. If it consisted in a deification of the powers of nature, it follows that the works of were symbols and representations of their deities. The Greeks, therefore, became at once accustomed to connect the mimetic art with worship, and to accompany the choral ode with imitative dances, performed by characters representing the gods in whose honour they were performed, together with their train of attendant deities. Although we might expect that these would be of a solemn nature, as, in fact, they were in the earliest species of choral poetry, namely the dithyrambic, which symbolized the story of the birth of Dionysus, we can easily conceive the rapid introduction of the ludicrous element also. Dionysus was the god and giver of wine, which gladdens and cheers man's heart. How natural then it was, that the early symbolizing and expressing the sentiments connected with his worship, should be by means of comedy, even before his dramatic worship took the form of tragedy, and that the origin of the former should be even prior, in point of time, to that of the latter."

If we have spoken with some measure of disapprobation of portions of Professor Browne's labours, it is because we believe that he might have produced a better book with more care on his part; and we hope that his forthcoming 'History of Roman Literature' will be characterized by the merits without the defects of the present work.

Scinde; or, The Unhappy Valley. By Richard F. Burton. Bentley.

MR. BURTON is unquestionably a smart writer; but he labours under a great delusion if he imagines that the persiflage in which he indulges is either edifying or amusing. It was observed by the great Verulam that "reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man;" and however willing we may be to admit that Mr. Burton's diplomatic conferences with Eastern politicals have made him 'a ready man,' we do not think that his literary workmanship is at all improved since the publication of his volume on 'Goa and the Blue Mountains.' In short, the manner of his present work is exceedingly objectionable. He assumes the guidance and guardianship of a Mr. John Bull, who is addressed as "a dear, fat, old, testy, but very unbloodthirsty *papa de famille*," and making a boon companion and bosom friend of this not very promising *compagnon de voyage*, he allows his readers to share their adventures and experiences.

Embarking in 'The Shippe of Helle,' the name given by Mr. Burton to the Government steamer that took him and his imaginary companion to Scinde, we are thus introduced to the 'unhappy valley':—

"Well, I never!"

"Of course not, sir. No one, man, woman, or child, ever saw the face of Young Egypt for the first time, without some such exclamation."

"A regular desert!—a mere line of low coast, sandy as a Scotchman's whiskers—a glaring waste with visible as well as palpable heat playing over its dirty yellow surface!"

"Yes, sir—yes! When last I went home on furlough, after a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, the 'Eliza' deposited me at Plymouth. In the pilot boat was an 'old and faithful servant,' from Central Asia, accompanying his master to the land of the pork-eater.

"Allah, Allah!" exclaimed Khudabakhsh, as he

caught sight of the town, and the green hills, and the woody parks, and the pretty places round about the place, with the breakwater; 'what manner of men must you Feringhis be, that leave such a bihsit and travel to such accursed holes as ours, without manacles and the persuasions of the chob!'

"You recollect, I dare say, Mr. Bull, reading in your Goldsmith, a similar remark made by one of your compatriotes in the olden time?

"'Caractacus and Khudabakhsh be ——!

Where are we to land here? Where's the wharf?"

"O man of civilization, habituated as you are to quays and piers, with planks and ladders, I quite enter into the feeling that prompts the query. A long billowy sea, tipped with white, is sweeping directly into the narrow rock-girt jaw of the so-called harbour; we roll to such an extent that if you like the diversion you may run from one side of the quarter-deck to the other, each time dipping your fingers in the pure element; and to confuse matters still more, we have six hundred sepoys to land.

"There is a bar across the creek; so the *Semiramis* must lie at anchor outside till the pilot boats put off to fetch us.

"Here they come, anything but agreeable to look at, but capable of going strangely well, half-through, half-over, the foaming waves. They are along-side, the chattering of the owners tells us.

"The sepoys disembark first. There goes one of them into the sea, musket, knapsack, brass pipkin, and all. If he were an Englishman how he would drop 'Brown Bess,' and kick, and plunge, and roar, and cry, 'Save me!' But he is a Hindu. So, firmly grasping his weapon as if he were about to find it essentially useful in the depths of the ocean, he sinks—permanently.

"At the sight and sound of the fatal plunge you, good honest man, long accustomed, in concert with Mrs. Bull, Master Billy, and all the junior Bulls, to vent your feelings audibly, when a little girl tumbles in an 'act of equestrianism' against the well-padded barrier at Astley's, cannot help for the life of you, shouting 'man overboard!' rushing about the deck, and other signs of excited benevolence.

"Curiously enough, the surrounding blacks—the lost man's comrades and friends—eye your outlandish proceeding. They peep a little at the water, converse a great deal, and when their officers ask them what has occurred, respond brightly—

"'Ramjee Naick drowned!'

"They would be rather disappointed, I really believe, were that Ramjee to reappear. Besides he was a low-caste man; even he himself would have hesitated to rank himself in the scale of creation with the C. O.'s milch-goat.

"But the fat old Moslem ayah, the major's lady's black Abigail, does not seem at all anxious to share the poor pariah's fate. See how she sticks to the ladder, clings to the rope, and fearfully scans the insolent waves that now bedew her extensive display of leg, now sink into a yawning abyss, deep in the centre of which lies the little boat where she is required to deposit herself. You also, when you reflect that you have shins, and you remember how much harder than flesh wood is, do feel that the descent in this case is by no means a facile one.

"The Ayah starts and stares, stretches forward and shrinks backward, restretches and reshinks, shrinks a little, swears for the benefit of the boatmen, and shouts 'are bap' for her own. Presently some one, in pure pity of her case, pushes her headlong from behind into the canoe as it rises quivering upon the crest of a mountain billow. Fear not, sir, there is no danger of her being hurt,—she assumes a hedgehog's shape with infinite ease: *teres atque rotunda*, she tumbles upon a pile of boxes and bags, extends her arms, fixes herself firmly by means of her claws, pulls the veil over her modest head once more, and once more commences the usual series of assertions concerning the legitimacy of the boatmen, and the general conduct of their female relations.

"Now, sir, it is your time. Shake hands with your fellow-passengers and 'hope to have the pleasure of seeing them again soon,' so shall they pro-

nounce you to be a 'devilish good fellow,' in spite of your black coat. Finish your ale, and prepare to quit the 'Shippe of Helle' with all expedition."

It will be seen that our author does not attempt to practise any of the arts by which a book of little intrinsic worth is sometimes made pleasant and readable. His mercurial disposition, fermenting in the heat of an Eastern climate, puts all sobriety to flight, and it is evident that extemporaneous precipitation leads him to an incorrectness of style, which is as offensive to good taste as the noisy exaggerated eloquence of a half intoxicated man is to a sober one. Mr. Burton is, however, capable of better things, and when he casts aside the grotesque, his descriptions are, generally speaking, well written. Here is a picture of one of the plagues of Seinde:—

"I thought you would not long escape one of the scourges of this wretched country—a dust storm.

"When we arose in the morning the sky was lowering, the air dark; the wind blew in puffs, and—unusual enough at this time of the year—it felt raw and searching. If you took the trouble to look towards the hills about eight A.M., you might have seen a towering column of sand from the rocky hills mixed with powdered silt from the arid plains, flying away fast as it could from angry puffing Boreas.

"The gale increases—blast pursuing blast, roaring and sweeping round the walls, and over the roofs of the houses, with the frantic violence of a typhoon. There is a horror in the sound, and then the prospect from the windows! It reminds one of Firdausi's vast idea, that one layer has been trampled off earth and added to the coats of the firmament. You close every aperture and inlet, in the hope of escaping the most distressing part of the phenomenon. Save yourself the trouble, all such measures are useless. The finer particles with which the atmosphere is laden would pass without difficulty through the eye of a needle; judge what comfortable thoroughfares they must find the chinks of these warped doors and the crannies of the puttyless munitions.

"It seems as though the dust recognised in our persons kindred matter. Our heads are powdered over in five minutes; our eyes, unless we sit with closed lids, feel as if a dash of cayenne had been administered to them; we sneeze like schoolboys after a first pinch of 'blackguard'; our epidermises are grittier than a loaf of provincial French bread, and washing would only be a mockery of resisting the irremediable evil.

"Now, Mr. Bull, if you wish to let your friends and old cronies at home see something of the produce of the East, call for lighted candles and sit down to compose an 'overland letter.' It will take you at least two hours and a half to finish the four pages, as the pen becomes clogged and the paper covered every few minutes; moreover, your spectacles require wiping at least as often as your quill does. By the time the missive comes to hand, it will contain a neat little cake of Indus mud and Scinde sand moulded in the form of the paper. Tell Mrs. Bull that you went without your tiffin—lunch, I mean—that you tried to sleep, but the novel sensation of being powdered all over made the attempt an abortive one,—that it is impossible to cook during a dust storm,—and that you are in for a modification of your favourite 'intramural sepulture,' if the gale continues much longer. However your days are safe enough; the wind will probably fall about five or six in the afternoon,—it is rare that it does not go down with the sun—and even should it continue during the night, it will be a farce compared to what we are enduring now."

Desirous of introducing 'Mr. Bull' to the sports and pleasures as well as plagues of 'The Unhappy Valley,' Mr. Burton takes him to a preserve of alligators:—

"We are in luck. There is a *melo* or Pilgrim's Fair at the Saint's tomb, and a party of picnic-ers

from Kurrachee: so we may calculate upon seeing some sport. The *tout ensemble* of the scene strikes your eye strangely, the glaring blue vault above vividly contrasting with the withered and sickly foliage of the palms, which are now shedding their clusters of bright gamboge-coloured dates; the quaintly habited groups of visitors, the vivid emerald hue of the swamp, intersected by lines of mineral water, and covered with the uncouth forms of its inhabitants, sluggish monsters, armed with a coat of mail composed of clay whitened and hardened to pottery by the rays of the sun—all *hors de tenue*, like a black woman dressed in red, or a fair one in black and yellow. The little bog before us, though not more than a hundred yards down the centre, by half that breadth, contains hundreds of alligators of every size from two to twenty feet. But here comes the guardian angel of the place, a tall, swarthy, bony, fierce-looking old fakir, who lives upon the offerings made to the soul of Hajee Mugur. He wishes to know if we will sacrifice a goat, and try the effect of a meat offering to Mor Sahib—Mr. Peacock—the title which the biggest of the monsters bears.

"In the dark recess formed by a small bridge built over the narrow brick canal which supplies the swamp, and concealed from eyes profane by the warm, blueish, sulphureous stream, lurks the grisly monarch of the place. An unhappy kid is slaughtered with the usual religious formula, and its life-blood is allowed to flow as a libation into the depths below. A gurgling and a bubbling of the waters forewarn us that their tenant has acknowledged the compliment, and presently a huge snout and a slimy crimson case, fringed with portentous fangs, protrude from the yawning surface.

"Wah! wah!—hooray! hooray!! shouts the surrounding crowd, intensely excited, when Mr. Peacock, after being aroused into full activity, as his fierce, flashing, little eyes and uneasy movements denote, by a succession of vigorous pokes and pushes with a bamboo pole, condescends to snap at and swallow the hind quarter of a young goat temptingly held within an inch of his nose.

"Verily your prayers are acceptable, and great will be your fortunes in both worlds," solemnly remarks the old fakir, at the same time confiscating as his perquisite the remnant of the slaughtered animal.

"Now there will be something to laugh at. Out of the neighbouring tent sallies a small but select body of subalterns, in strange hats and stranger coats. They are surrounded by a pack of rakish-looking bull terriers, yelping and dancing their joy at escaping from the thraldom of the kuttewala. There is a gun, too, in the party.

"They seem just now at a loss what to do. They wander listlessly among the date trees, wink at the ladies, 'chaff' the old fakir a little, offer up the usual goat, and playfully endeavour to ram the bamboo pole down Mr. Peacock's throat. The showman remonstrates, and they inform him, in a corrupt dialect of 'the Moors,' that he is an 'old muff.'

"A barking and a hoarse roaring from below attract their attention; they hurry down towards the swamp, and find their dogs occupied in disturbing the repose of its possessors.

"At him, Trim! go it, Pincher! five to one in gold mohurs that Snap doesn't funk the fellow: hist 'st 'st, Snap!'

"Snap's owner is right, but the wretched little quadruped happens to come within the sweep of a juvenile alligator's tail, which with one lash sends him flying through the air into the 'middle of next week.'

"Bang! bang!

"And two ounces of shot salute Snap's murderer's eyes and ears. Tickled by the salutation, the little monster, with a curious attempt at agility, plunges into his native bog, grunting as if he had a grievance.

"Again the old fakir, issuing from his sanctum,—that white dome on the rock which towers high above the straggling grove,—finds fault with the nature of the proceedings. This time, however,

he receives a rupee and a bottle of cognac,—the respectable senior would throttle his father, or sell his mother, for a little more. So he retires in high glee, warning his generous friends that the beasts are very ferocious and addicted to biting.

"When 'larking' does commence, somehow or other it is very difficult to cut its career short. No sooner does the keeper of the lines disappear, than the truth of his caution is canvassed and generally doubted. The chief of the sceptics, a beardless boy about seventeen, short, thin, and cock-nosed,—in fact the very model of a guardsman,—proposes to demonstrate by experiment 'what confounded nonsense the chap was talking.' A 'draw it mild, old fellow,' fixes his intentions.

"The ensign turns round to take a run at the bog, looks to see that his shoes are tightly tied, and charges the place right gallantly, now planting his foot upon one of the little tufts of rank grass which protrude from the muddy water, now lighting on an alligator's back, now sticking for a moment in the black mire, now hopping dexterously off a sesquipedalian snout. He reaches the other side with a whole skin, although his pantaloons have suffered a little from a vicious bite: narrow escapes, as one may imagine, he has had, but pale ale and plentiful pluck are powerful preservers.

"A crowd assembles about the spot; the exultation of success seems to turn the young gentleman's head. He proposes an alligator ride, is again laughed to scorn, and again runs off, with mind made up, to the tent. A moment afterwards he reappears, carrying a huge steel fork and a shark hook, strong and sharp, with the body of a fowl quivering on one end, and a stout cord attached to the other. He lashes his line carefully round one of the palm trees, and commences plying the water for a mugur.

"A brute nearly twenty feet long, a real Saurian every inch of him, takes the bait and finds himself in a predicament; he must either disgorge a savoury morsel, or remain a prisoner; and for a moment or two he makes the ignoble choice. He pulls, however, like a thorough-bred bull-dog, shakes his head, as if he wished to shed it, and lashes his tail with the energy of a shark who is being beaten to death with capstan bars.

"In a moment young Waterton is seated, like an elephant driver, upon the thick neck of the reptile, who not being accustomed to carry such weight, at once sacrifices his fowl, and running off with his rider, makes for the morass. On the way, at times, he slackens his zigzag, wriggling course and attempts a bite, but the prongs of the steel fork, well rammed into the soft skin of his neck, muzzle him effectually enough. And just as the steed is plunging into his own element, the jockey springs actively up, leaps on one side, avoids a terrific lash from the serrated tail, and again escapes better than he deserves.

"Poor devils of alligators—how they must ponder upon and confabulate about the good old times that were! Once, jolly as monks or rectors, with nothing in the world to do but to eat, drink, sleep, waddle, and be respected; now pelted at, fished for, bullied, and besieged by the Passamonts, Alabasters, and Morgantes of Kurrachee. Poor devils!"

The time for leaving Scinde at length arrives, and now commences a new mode of travelling, which is thus pleasantly introduced:—

"You had better mount your dromedary this morning for the first time. You need not be afraid of approaching him, as he is a particularly quiet beast; only do not get into the habit of walking carelessly within reach of camels' tusks and hind legs. The kick is an awful one, so is the bite: the brutes hold like bull-dogs, and with the purchase afforded by their long pliable necks they can twist your arm off in a minute.

"Before throwing your leg over the framework of wood, padded and covered with a thickly quilted gaudy-coloured silk cushion, acting saddle, shake the bells that garnish your animal's necklace of blue beads, a talisman against the *mal occhio*, and

give him a bit of biscuit. If you startle him at first when mounting him, he is very apt to get into a habit of converting his squatting into a standing position, with a suddenness by no means pleasant. There, you are on now. Hold his nose-string lightly; give him his head, and after once putting him in the right path, let him do what he pleases.

"My first ride was not such a pleasant one as yours will be, partly my own fault for mounting a baggage camel. After considerable difficulty in getting on the roaring, yelling beast, it became palpably necessary to draw my sword and prick his nose each time it crept round disagreeably near my boot. Finding his efforts to bite me unavailing, he changed tactics, and made a point of dashing under every low thorn tree, as close to the trunk as possible, in the hope of rubbing his rider off. This exercise he would vary by occasionally standing still for half-an-hour, in spite of all the persuasive arguments in the shape of heels, whip, and rapier, with which I plied his stubborn sides. Then he would rush forward, as if momentarily making up his mind to be good. At last he settled upon the plan of running away; arched his long neck till his head was almost in contact with mine, and in this position indulged in a canter, which felt exactly like the pace of a horse taking a five-barred gate every second stride.

"Fortunately for me the road was perfectly level.

"Presently snap went the nose-string. My amiable *monture* shook his head once or twice, snorted a little blood from his nostrils, slackened his speed, executed a *demi-volte*, and turned deliberately toward the nearest jungle.

"Seeing a swamp before us, and knowing that a certain 'spill' was in prospect—these beasts always tumble down and often split their stomachs on slippery mud—I deliberated for a moment whether I should try to chop the fellow's head open, or jump off his back, risking the consequences, or keep my seat till it became no longer tenable. And my mind was still in doubt, when he released it by sliding two or three yards through the slimy mire, and by falling plump upon his sounding side.

"I did not mount that animal again.

"Somehow or other the Arabs' superstition about the camel is not without a sure foundation; they assure you that no man was ever killed by a fall from these tall beasts, whereas a little nag has lost many a life. Certainly I have seen some furious 'rolls,' and have myself been dismounted about a dozen times, yet not even a trifling accident occurred.

"Should, however, your dromedary, when trotting high at the rate of ten or eleven miles the hour, happen to plant his foot upon the stump of a tree, or to catch in a bandycoot's hole, it might so be that after a flight of a few yards you would reach *terra firma* with an impetus calculated to put the Arabs' proverb out of joint. Still remember there is a knack in falling, as in most other things. You may let a corpse drop from a height of thirty feet without breaking the smallest bone, and a drunken man, after tumbling from the gallery of a theatre, will rise and perhaps walk quietly home. So, also, you may roll off your camel with as little injury as a sack of wheat would incur, if you only have the presence of mind not to cataleps your members. Let every limb be lax and bending: it is by the strong muscles in a state of convulsive rigidity that compound fractures are caused."

In these days of change and innovation, which threaten grave consequences in the world of female fashion, the following description of the dress of a Scindian lady will be perused with interest:—

"I must request you to be present at the unpacking of a Scindian lady of high degree, during which operation I shall lecture upon the points most likely to interest you, sir, my intelligent audience.

"Observe, she stands before you in her Burka—ungraceful prototype of the most graceful mantilla—which has frequently, and not inaptly, been compared to a shroud. Its breadth at the shoul-

ders, narrowing off towards the feet, makes it look uncommonly like a coffin covered with canvas: the romantically inclined detect a 'solemn and nunlike appearance in the costume,' and the superstitious opine that the figure thus arrayed 'looks like a ghost.' The material is thick cotton cloth, which ought to be white, but is like a Suliote's frock, 'd'une blancheur problématique,' a strip of coarse net, worked lattice-wise, with the small *œils de bœuf* opposite the eyes, covers and conceals the face. This article is a great test of 'respectability,' and is worn in token of much modesty and decorum. Satirical Scindians, however, are in the habit of declaring that it is a bit of rank prudery, and that the wearer of the Burka, so far from being better, is generally a little worse than her neighbours. Our lady is very strict, you may see, in 'keeping up appearances,' for in addition to the mantilla, she wears out of doors a long wide cotton *Paro*, or petticoat, for fear that chance should expose the tips of her crimsoned toes to a strange man's gaze.

"She is now in her in-door costume. Over her head, extending down to the waist behind, is a veil of Tattah silk, with a rich edging, the whole of red colour, to denote that the wearer is a 'happy wife.' The next garment is a long wide shift, opening in front, somewhat after the fashion of a Frenchman's *blouse*; the hanging sleeves are enormous, and a richly-worked band or gorget confines it round the throat. At this season of the year it is made of expensive brocade, in summer Multan muslin would be the fashionable stuff. There are no stays to spoil the shape: their *locum tenens* is a harmless spencer or boddice of velvet, fitting as tight as possible to the form, concealing the bosom, and fastening behind. The 'terminations,' of blue satin, are huge bags, very wide behind, to act as *polisson* or *crinoline*, and narrowing towards the extremities sufficiently to prevent their falling over the foot. These are gathered in at the ankles, and correct taste requires this part to be so tight that our lady never takes less than twenty minutes to invest her fair limbs in her *Sutthan*, or pantaloons. I must call upon you to admire the *Naro*, or trowser-string: it is a cord of silk and gold, plaited together with a circle of pearls at both ends, surrounding a ruby or some such stone, set in wire, concealed by the coils of the pendant extremities. Concludes the toilette with slippers, a leathern sole, destitute of hind-quarters, whose tiny vamp hardly covers the toes: its ornaments are large tufts of floss silk, various coloured foils, wings of green beetles, embroidered, or seed pearls sewed upon a bright cloth ground. To see the wearer tripping and stumbling at every second step, you would imagine that the Scindian, like the subject of the Celestial Empire, had knowingly put a limit to his lady's power of locomotion. But no, sir, it is only 'the fashion'—licensed ridiculousness.

"A red silk veil, a frock of white muslin, through which peeps a boddice of crimson velvet and blue satin pantaloons: own that though the lady's costume is utterly at variance with *Le Follet*, and would drive *Le Petit Courier* into a state of demency, it is by no means wanting in a certain picturesque attractiveness."

Our fair readers will like to have the portrait of the wearer of this costume. Here it is:—

"And now for the lady's *personale*. Her long, fine jetty hair, perfumed with jessamine and other oils, is plastered over a well-arched forehead, in broad flat bands, by means of a mixture of gum and water. Behind, the *cherelure* is collected into one large tail, which frequently hangs down below the waist, and—chief of many charms—never belonged to any other person: it is plaited with lines of red silk, resembling the trowser-string, and when the head, as frequently happens here, is well shaped, no coiffure can be prettier than this. Her eyes are large and full of fire, black and white as an onyx stone, of almond shape, with long drooping lashes, undeniably beautiful. I do not know exactly whether to approve of that setting of Kajal which encircles the gems; it heightens the colour and defines the form, but also it exaggerates the

eyes into becoming the feature of the face—which is not advisable. However, I dare not condemn it. Upon the brow and cheek bones a little powdered talc is applied with a pledge of cotton, to imitate perspiration—a horrible idea, borrowed from Persian poetry,—and to communicate, as the natives say, 'salt' to the skin. The cheeks are slightly tinged with lac rouge, a vegetable compound which I strongly recommend, by means of you, Mr. Bull, to the artificial complexion-makers of the west. The nose is straight, and the thin nostrils are delicately turned. You, perhaps, do not, I do, admire their burden—a gold flower, formed like a buttercup, and encrusted with pearls; at any rate, the bit of black ribbon which connects it with the front hair is strictly according to the canons of contrast. The mouth is well formed, but somewhat sensual in its appearance; the teeth are like two rows of jessamine buds—the dentist and the dentifrice being things unknown—and moles imitated with a needle dipped in antimony give a tricolor effect to the oral region. The lips and gums are stained with a bark called Musag, which communicates an unnatural yellowish tinge to them; it is not, however, so offensive to the eye as the Missi of India. As large ears are very much admired, that member is flattened out so as to present as extensive an exterior as possible. And as pale palms and soles are considered hideous, those parts, the nails included, are stained blood-red with henna leaf. Finally, hair on the arms being held an unequivocal mark of low breeding, it is carefully removed by means of a certain depilatory called Nureh. Our lady, you see, wears no stockings, but callosities and other complaints which call for the chiropodist, are not likely to offend our eyes.

"The costume I repeat is picturesque. There is, however, I must confess, something grotesque in the decoration of the person—uncivilised and semi-barbarous people can never rest content with the handiwork of nature: they must gild refined gold, tattoo or tan, paint or patch a beautiful skin, dye or chip pearly teeth, and frizzle or powder 'hyacinthine locks,'—deadly sins against taste, these 'adulteries of art'!"

Mr. Burton is not unmindful of the physical features of the country through which he travels, and we gather from his volumes that he is not unlearned in some of the 'ologies.' His observations on Scinde are well deserving the attention of the rulers of our mighty Eastern empire:—

"Scinde is an unhappy valley, a compound of sand, stone, and silt. The desert cannot be fertilised, but the alluvial plains which it contains can. The country came into our possession battered by foreign invasion, torn by intestine dissensions—each of its two dozen princes being the head of a faction—and almost depopulated by bad government. It is therefore an exception to the general rule of our Eastern conquests. Experience in the Indian peninsula has taught us not to expect the revenues raised by the native princes, our predecessors; here we may hope, if I mistake not, eventually to double it. True, our wants are not trifling—immigration on an extensive scale is not the work of a day; migration requires time and expenditure of ready money; and, finally, the influx of hard cash, which the country must have to thrive upon, is an outlay of capital which rulers are apt to make grudgingly. Something has been done; more remains to be done; and much, I am confident, will be done."

"The regenerator of Scinde is the Indus. As yet it has been the fate of that hapless stream to suffer equally from friend and foe. Lieutenant Burnes, its discoverer in modern days, magnified the splendour of its advantages to an extent which raised expectation high enough to secure disappointment. He made light of the 'snaggs,' easily remedied the 'sawyers,' and found that the disadvantages of having no portage calculated to shelter or accessible to vessels of burden, was 'more imaginary than real.' An 'Indus Steam Navigation Company' was formed in England, and an agent dispatched to Bombay for the purpose of settling

preliminaries: where operations ceased. The public felt the reaction from enthusiasm and speculation to total apathy. The disappointed, and they were not few, depreciated the value of the 'noble river' with all their might and main, as a vent to their ill humour.

"But apathy and ill humour have both had their day. Now it is suggested that the little steam-tugs employed on the Indus are incapable of developing its resources, and it has been proposed to substitute for them the river steam-boats of a large size, and on the American model, like those which have been adopted, with great advantage, on the Ganges. And lest the march of improvement should halt at the river, it has been resolved to improve the ports, to lay out lines of road, and to erect caravanserais for the benefit of travellers. Such measures lead to prosperity, especially when undertaken, not with a Napier's fitful energy, but the steady resolve of an Indian administration; even the deadly climate must eventually yield to the effects of drainage and the proper management of the inundation. The Unhappy Valley may ere long lose its character."

Among the products of Scinde, Mr. Burton enumerates sulphur, which is found in vast quantities, but which has not yet been turned to any commercial advantage. This is accounted for in rather a ludicrous manner. It appears that some years ago an enthusiastic speculator forwarded some specimens of the sulphur to the commanding officer at Kurrachee, as a hint that the mines might be worked to advantage. But, unfortunately, the high authority was a Scotchman and the colonel of a Highland regiment, and it is stated that he was so affronted, that he resented the offer with a viciousness which strangled the project at its birth.

We are bound to observe, that our extracts are very favourable specimens of the heterogeneous matter contained in these volumes. They abundantly attest Mr. Burton's literary powers, and render it vexatious that he should mar a work, which would be otherwise highly interesting, by so many offences against good taste.

The Life of John Sterling. By Thomas Carlyle. Chapman and Hall.

[Second Notice.]

To the performance of his new duties, as Curate at Herstmonceaux, Sterling addressed himself with his wonted enthusiasm. Setting before him a high ideal of Christian activity and usefulness, he laboured, in his little sphere, to imitate the life and labour of the Apostle Paul. "It would be no longer," he said, "from Jerusalem to Damascus, to Arabia, to Derbe, Lystra, Ephesus, that he would travel; but each house of his appointed parish would be to him what each of those great cities was—a place where he would bend his whole being, and spend his heart for the conversion, purification, elevation, of those under his influence." Mr. Hare's memoir contains pleasing testimony of his abundant labour, both for the temporal and spiritual good of his parishioners; while of his own personal intercourse with Sterling there is affectionate and generous record. Before many months had passed, however, a check was put upon his busy activities. Ill-health was the external cause, by Hare recorded, by Sterling assigned. Ill-health there was in too sad reality; but, according to Carlyle, this was but the summing up of other deeper reasons—the only one which could boldly show itself on the surface, and give the casting vote. There was discomfort of mind as well as disease of body, and already had it been bitterly felt that the church was not the right sphere for

him. Sterling abandoned his clerical office in February, 1835, having held it, and ardently followed it, for eight months only.

"Not by radicalism is the path to human nobleness for him! not by priesthood either lies the way there! This clerical aberration—for such it undoubtedly was—we ascribe to Coleridge, and do clearly think that had there been no Coleridge, neither had this been—nor had English Puseyism, or some other strange enough universal portents been. Nevertheless, let us say farther that it lay partly in the general bearing of the world for such a man."

What thoughts were at this period working in Sterling's mind we are left only darkly to guess at; neither does Mr. Carlyle clearly explain what his own ideas are of 'human nobleness.' We once visited a philosopher, living in learned ease, and listened with wonder to his glowing declamations against shams, and cant, and priesthoods. Leaving him, we met in the next street the parish minister, also fervent in spirit after his way, diligent in his daily business, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, comforting the mourners, doing the work of an Evangelist and Pastor. Which of the two men was most real—which of their works most noble, will appear, when this world, with its poor judgments, has passed away. Not, surely, in assuming the clerical office was Sterling's 'aberration.' A country curacy was doubtless an unfit sphere for his busy spirit, and anywhere was such work unsuitable for one imbued with Coleridge's metaphysics and high notions of priesthood. But the failure of health, ostensible and real cause of resignation, relieves us from discussing these delicate subjects.

The reference to Coleridge leads us now to notice the influence he had on Sterling's mind. During the two years of his London literary life he had been accustomed to go up to Highgate, with other young enthusiasts, to wonder and to worship at the feet of this metaphysical oracle. With what pernicious effect these visits were attended to Sterling, as well as to another friend, poor Edward Irving, Carlyle knows, and mournfully records. His own impressions of Coleridge are given in a separate chapter, which many will read with interest:—

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate-hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the insanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold,—he alone in England,—the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. * * * * He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world,—and to some small minority, by no means to all, the most excellent. The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of

inspiration ; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song ; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his ‘object’ and ‘subject,’ terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province ; and how he sung and snuffled them into “om-m-mject” “sum-m-mject,” with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

“Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy.* Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many ; but they are all gone to the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed, unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true, and half-true observations, and is, of course, a faithful epitome of the things said ; but it gives small idea of Coleridge’s way of talking. This one feature is, perhaps, the most recognisable,—‘Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three-quarters.’ To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature—how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused, unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you ! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers,—certain of whom, I, for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope ; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own.

“He had knowledge about many things and topics,—much curious reading ; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its ‘sum-m-mjects’ and ‘om-m-mjects.’ Sad enough, for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them ; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest, wide, unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze ; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible ; on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words, till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows ! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic one, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The mourning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.”

From Herstmonceaux Sterling removed, in the autumn of 1835, to London, resolving henceforth to devote himself to literary life, as best suited to his health and taste. His studies were chiefly theological—Tholuck, Sleiermacher, Neander, Jonathan Edwards, his favourite reading at this time. Carlyle

was much with him at his house at Bayswater, and mentions his friend’s disappointment at finding him indifferent to such authors, and what he calls “their vaporous speculations.” He could not be made to see (which it requires strange vision to see) the superior solidity of Richter and Lessing over Tholuck and Edwards. Much friendly discussion they had on religious and other topics, once only Sterling showing warmth of temper in the debate. “It is flat Pantheism, that !” he said, with an angry glance. “And suppose it were Pot-theism,” was the rejoinder, “if the thing be true !” Coleridge was now dead, but other worse influences, many will think, were now bearing upon this impressible mind. In the spring of the next year health began again to fail, the immediate cause being a generous indiscretion, which brings him before us in beautiful light. Unknown to his medical attendant, and even to his own family, he had for many weeks, in the coldest season, performed the morning service in a chapel at Bayswater, for a young clerical neighbour who was in delicate health. Change was again advised, and in the autumn of that year we find him settled near Bordeaux. Of pilgrimage to old Montaigne’s château—of the scenes of the Girondin history—of his own pursuits and studies, pleasing accounts are given. Twice in the next summer he was in England, and the following winter he spent in Madeira.

The later years of his life had little variety of outward circumstance, except perpetual shifting of abode. Twice again he had to make rapid removal to foreign parts, as if in flight from death. In 1838, he travelled with two friends in Italy, and very lively are the pictures sent home in his letters of that time. What a man thinks and says of Rome is no bad idea of what his mind is ; and Sterling’s letters from the eternal city, parts of which we would fain quote, are highly characteristic of the man, picturing his mind with photographic fidelity. The subsequent migrations to Clifton, Falmouth, Torquay, Naples, and finally the Isle of Wight, need not in detail be specified. In summer, there were ever hopes of health being restored, but each winter showed less strength left to struggle with the disease that had taken its firm death-grip. In these years, in every interval of health and leisure, his literary labours were abundant, his lighter pieces appearing in ‘Blackwood,’ and more formal essays in the ‘Westminster Review,’ of which his friend John Mill was editor.

None of Sterling’s writings are worthy of being promoted from the passing literature of the day into classic rank. The books, both prose and verse, published separately, met with all but silent neglect from the press and the public. Poetry, in his latter years, occupied most of his time, in spite of such discouragement. Carlyle used to tell him that he had no turn for poetry, and counselled him to keep to prose, and to say his thoughts, not sing them :—

“Sterling’s verses had a monotonous rub-a-dub, instead of tune ; no trace of music deeper than that of a well-beaten drum ; to which limited range of excellence the substance also corresponded, being intrinsically always a rhymed and slightly rhythmical speech, not a song.”

Exception is made in favour of an unfinished poem, entitled ‘Cœur-de-Lion,’ which the biographer says may yet be given to the world, and which will put Sterling’s poetic pretensions on a much truer footing.

The letters of Sterling, preserved in this volume, are better memorials of him than his published works to those who knew him. Some miscellaneous fragments of this correspondence may interest the general reader. In 1841, at Falmouth, he met with something of Thackeray’s, for the first time, and thus writes to his mother :—

“I have read the first two numbers of the ‘Hogarth Diamond’ with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith ? The man is a true genius ; and, with quiet and comfort, might produce master-pieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all —’s novels together.”

Having met many of the members of the British Association, at their Cornish meeting, he describes some of them, being most pleased with Professor Owen.

“On the whole, he interested me more than any of them—by an apparent force and straightforwardness of mind, combined with much simplicity and frankness.”

In April, 1843, he lost his wife, his mother having died only a few days before. He had six children left to his charge, two of them infants. Amidst these sorrows and cares, he displayed pious resignation along with manly fortitude. On the evening of his wife’s death, and again on that of the funeral, he gathered his children round him, spoke words of religious admonition and affection to them, adding, ‘If I am taken from you, God will take care of you.’ Another warm utterance of his domestic affection appears in a letter written to Mr. Carlyle, six months after his wife’s death.

“I have never spoke to you, never been able to speak to you, of the change in my life,—almost as great, one fancies, as one’s own death. Even now, although it seems as if I had much to say, I cannot. If one could imagine—but it is no use ; I cannot write wisely on this matter. I suppose no human being was ever more entirely devoted to another than she—and that makes the change not less but more bearable. It seems as if she could not be gone quite ; and that, indeed, is my faith.”

When living at Hastings, Clifton, and elsewhere, within reach, his visits to London were frequent. He had, after his return from Madeira, planned a social reunion of friends, who dined together once a month, and enjoyed one another’s society and conversation. It was at first called the ‘Anonymous Club,’ and afterwards, in compliment to its founder, the ‘Sterling Club.’ The list of the original members, about forty, is given by Carlyle, and includes many of the names most distinguished in London in those days, in literature or in public life. The club still subsists, privately, and under another name, its affairs having for some time been dragged into public notice, in connexion with Sterling’s religious opinions. At these meetings his presence was ever joyfully welcomed. His private visits to Carlyle are thus graphically described :—

“At London we were in the habit of expecting Sterling pretty often ; his presence, in this house as in others, was looked for once in the month or two, and came always as sunshine in the grey weather to me and mine. His visits, which were usually of two or three days, were always full of business, rapid in movement as all his life was. To me, if possible, he would come in the evening ; a whole cornucopia of talk and speculation was to be discharged. If the evening would not do, and my affairs otherwise permitted, I had to mount into cabs with him, fly far and wide, shuttling athwart the big Babel, wherever his calls and pauses had

* ‘Biography,’ by Hare, pp. 18-26.

to be. This was his way to husband time! Our talk, in such straitened circumstances, was loud or low as the circumambient groaning rage of wheels and sound prescribed,—very loud it had to be in such thoroughfares as London Bridge and Cheapside; but except while he was absent, off for minutes into some banker's office, lawyer's, stationer's, haberdasher's, or what office there might be, it never paused. In this way extensive, strange dialogues were carried on; to me also very strange,—private, friendly colloquies, on all manner of rich subjects, held thus amid the chaotic roar of things.

Sterling was full of speculations, observations, and bright sallies; vividly awake to what was passing in the world; glanced pertinently with victorious clearness, without spleen, though often enough with a dash of mockery, into its Puseyisms, Liberalisms, literary Lionisms, or what else the mad hour might be producing,—always prompt to recognise what grain of sanity might be in the same. He was opulent in talk, and the rapid movement and vicissitude on such occasions seemed to give him new excitement."

In the spring of 1844, at Ventnor, the last attack of illness came upon John Sterling. On the 18th September he died, at the age of thirty-eight, and was buried in the little church-yard of Bonchurch. To his letters written during that last summer we alluded in the former notice. What he wrote to his children we should like to have known more of. His last letter to Carlyle is clouded with mysterious gloom, speaking of his "entering into the great darkness without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope." Meanwhile, the lesson gathered from what appears of his life is a sufficiently sad one. Powers of mind, and endowments of heart such as few possess, were wasted in purposeless, fruitless labour. For achieving any great work he was unfit, from want both of originality and of perseverance. But a spirit of such restless activity might have been engaged in work both useful and noble, under reasonable restraint and wise guidance. Unhappily, the scenes into which he was thrown, and the friends by whom in succession he was most influenced, perniciously biased this career. Coleridge, Carlyle, and Francis Newman were not the best counsellors for a mind naturally so unsettled and susceptible as Sterling's. To ill-advice, ill-health, and ill-fate let us charitably set down as much as we can of his faults and failures; and let us hope, from glimpses here and there obtained, that beneath the restlessly troubled and frothing surface-waters, there was an under-current of deeper, diviner life.

SUMMARY.

Sentiments and Similes of William Shakespeare. Selected by Henry Noel Humphreys. Longmans. This is a selection of the beauties of Shakespeare, arranged and printed in a gold illuminated book, with a richly emblazoned title, bound in an elaborately carved ebony-like frame, enclosing a medallion of the poet in imitation of wax. The binding is assuredly the most exquisite part of the book, artistic and truly substantial, and more fitted to grace the drawing-room table than anything of its kind hitherto produced. We scarcely so much admire the illuminated printing, although it is in a style appropriate to the subject, and that which prevailed in the Shakespearian age.

Iolanda, or the Maid of Kidwelly, and other Poems. By D. Rice Jones Aberhonddu. Longmans. A POET who tells us in his preface that "he did not write his poems with a view to publication, but merely because he liked the fun," has no title, a little further on, to deprecate criticism, in pitiful strain, under the plea of inexperience and youth. If he begins to play at bowls, according to his own

figure, he must expect rubbers. Critic as well as poet might say that "he liked the fun." We do not intend, however, to be severe on this "reckless youth," as he calls himself, with his unpronounceable and unpoetical name. We willingly concede the small encouragement to further effort modestly sought in the preface, viz., "indication of ability for writing poetry." Both in 'Isolda,' a love and war legend of the 12th century, and in the minor poems, there are such indications. We advise Mr. Aberhonddu to cultivate poetry only if he has superfluity of leisure, and seeks amusement thereby. Fame nor gain, let him as a young man be advised, are not to be obtained by him in this Parnassian region.

The Rhymer's Family. By Thomas Watson.

Arbroath: Kennedy and Ramsay.

THOMAS WATSON is a roughly vigorous and coarsely humorous Scottish rhymester. In his own living sphere he is doubtless an amusing and original character. Of this originality even the externals of the volume testify. He calls his poems "The Rhymer's Family, a Collection of Bantlings;"—his dedication is "to the purchaser"—and his introduction contains a rambling disquisition "on poets and poetry." Most of the pieces, good perhaps for local publicity, such as they have had in the 'Arbroath Guide,' 'Glasgow Citizen,' 'Scotsman,' and other provincial papers, are not of a kind to appear favourably in the great world of literature. It is a pity, at the same time, that from lack of judgment and taste, the rude force and wit apparent in some of the poetry should be thrown away. "The Devil in Love," "The Privateer," and two or three of the songs, have humour and pathos which few Scotch writers since Burns have displayed, but from lack of finish and form, they will not be so popular as they might have been with such materials as they consist of.

The Jansenists: their Rise, Persecutions, and Remnant. By S. P. Tregelles, LL.D. Bagsters.

THE history of Jansenism has been made known of late years to many English readers through Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's 'Select Memoirs of Port Royal.' In the present volume a brief and ably written sketch is given of the rise of the Jansenists, the points of doctrine discussed in France and condemned by Rome, the connexion of Jansenism with Port Royal through the Abbé de St. Cyran, and the persecutions to which the Jansenists were exposed through the influence of the Jesuits. Of St. Cyran, Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, Quesnel, the Mère Angelique, and the other names connected with Port Royal, biographical notices are given. The historical narrative is clear, although condensed into small compass. In the latter part of the work there is new and interesting matter. That the Jansenists continued as a separate sect within the Roman Catholic Church long after their persecutions under Cardinal de Noailles, and their being silenced by the Papal authority, is well known. It seems that they still exist as a distinct body in the Archishopric of Utrecht. In September, 1850, Dr. Tregelles visited Utrecht, and there, from the venerable Archbishop Van Santem, he obtained the historical information which in these pages is published. The succession of Jansenist archbishops in that see from the beginning of the eighteenth century is given, and notices of their relations to the Pope and to the Government of Holland. The notes of the interview with Van Santem will be read with interest by English Protestants, with the account there given of the principles of Catholicism still held by many in nominal connexion with Rome. Dr. Tregelles had better, however, have omitted the part of his conversation relating to prophecy; and we regret that to a learned and inquiring Catholic prelate he should have given so poor a specimen of

English prophetic investigation as 'Thoughts on the Apocalypse, by B. W. Newton,' a pious but fanciful enthusiast. The history of the Jansenists, as narrated by Dr. Tregelles, forms an instructive and interesting chapter of Church history. Copies are given of curious old pictures of Jansenius, St. Cyran, Mère Angelique, and the Port Royal convent.

Awful Disclosures by Maria Monk. Revised by the Rev. J. Slocum. New York. Hodson.

Confirmation of Maria Monk's Disclosures. By the Rev. J. Slocum. Hodson.

IT is stated by Father Newman, in his 'Lectures on Catholicism,' that since the first appearance of 'Maria Monk's Disclosures' in 1836, from 200,000 to 250,000 copies have been put in circulation in Great Britain and America. He treats the whole thing as "a mere blasphemous fiction," but the great length at which he deals with the subject, occupying the chief part of one of his lectures, shows the importance attached by him to this publication. Maria Monk made her escape from the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal, and afterwards revealed what she had seen of the interior of the establishment, and the practices carried on there. Great excitement was produced in America by her statements, and the truth of them was much canvassed. One point on which much discussion turned, was her description of a subterranean passage, by which the priests had access to the nunnery. The existence of this was denied; and, at a public meeting held at New York, a committee of four was appointed, including the mayor, and Professor Morse, who undertook to go to Montreal to examine into the facts, and especially the existence of this passage, which was made the test of Maria Monk's general veracity. The authorities of the convent, however, refused permission to any strangers to enter, until nearly a year had elapsed. Meanwhile, according to the depositions in the 'Confirmation,' builders were at work making the place ready for inspection. The whole story is of a shocking kind, and more harm than good has probably arisen from the wide circulation of such disclosures of crime. It is to be regretted that the question of the truth or falsehood of the allegation about this convent should have been so mixed up with general religious controversy. The repression of crime is an object which good Catholics and Protestants equally desire. The book was quoted in the debates in the House of Lords last session, and ought to be known by all who seek arguments for monastic establishments being under some public surveillance. This is a matter wholly distinct from any controversial discussion.

Jasper Lyle; a Tale of Kafirland. By Mrs. Ward. Routledge.

THE tale of which Jasper Lyle is the hero is full of character and incident, but arranged with little skill and told with tedious diffuseness. Those who have patience to follow it, will read the story of a wild adventurous life, passed as colonist, convict, rebel, and in a variety of characters, with some strange incidents, both in war and love, at home and abroad, ending with a horribly tragic death by the assegais of the savages in the bush. In the other persons of the tale, pictures are drawn of the various classes of which colonial life is composed in South Africa, English settlers and soldiers, convicts and outlaws, Dutch boers and burghers, Kafirs and Hottentots. The chief interest of the book, especially at the present time, when many are affected by passing events at the Cape, lies in the account presented of South African life and scenery. Mrs. Ward's residence in Kafirland enables her to give truthful descriptions of the country and its various inhabitants. The book is full of such descriptions, and whoever has read it will be able to follow with far more intelligence and interest the reports and despatches which, after the arrival of each mail, occupy so much space in our public prints.

The Teeth, and their Preservation in Infancy and Manhood, to Old Age. By Alfred Canton. Baillière.

A VERY useful little work, containing a carefully-written sketch of all that is known at the present day respecting the anatomy, physiology, and surgery of the teeth. The public may learn much from Mr. Canton—and, above all, to avoid the dental charlatan—while, to the student and the junior practitioner, the book will be of great service.

[October 25]

Air Navigation, by means of the Rotary Balloon.

By John Luntley. Houlston and Stoneman.

It was announced lately by some one who could see farther into limestone than his neighbours, that a fleet of balloons had been discovered on the Nineveh slabs, proving, as he said, that nothing is new under the sun. We suspect that it was only a fleet of boats on the Tigris, with sails of that "balloon shape" which the triumph of the American clipper will henceforth render less conspicuous in English yachts. To steer balloons, or fleets of them, is nevertheless a problem to the solution of which sanguine projectors still turn their attention. What may be effected when science enables us to manage safely the liquefied or solidified gases, it is difficult to predict. The great obstacle at present to successful air navigation, by steam or other available force, is the vast weight of fuel and of apparatus necessary for generating the propelling power. Mr. Luntley thinks that by the arrangements for propulsion by steam described in this pamphlet, the difficulties may be overcome. Into the details we cannot enter, but the calculations plainly make out a buoyant power vastly exceeding the weight of the propelling machinery. Several new or well-directed appliances, such as the condensing apparatus, render the idea the more feasible. But even though no other elements of error existed, the hugeness of the machine would render the idea practically useless. The smallest size of a balloon on this principle must be about a hundred feet broad and four hundred feet long, or about one-fourth greater in breadth, and one-fourth less in length, than the arched roof of the transept of the Crystal Palace. The pamphlet is worthy of the notice of those who are curious in these matters.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Almanac de Gotha, 1852, 18mo, cloth, 5s.
 Attaché (The), 1 vol. post 8vo, cloth, new edition, 5s.
 Bole Ponjis; containing the Tale of the Buccaneer, 2 v., 12s.
 Cornwall's (Barry) English Songs, new edition, swd., 2s. 6d.
 Craik's Outlines of History of English Language, cl., 3s. 6d.
 Cummings' God in History, fourth edition, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Euripides' Ion, Notes by C. Badham, 8vo, sewed, 6s.
 Floral Offering, royal 8vo, 21s.
 Florence Sackville; or, Self-Dependence, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
 Foster's (A. F.) Spanish Literature, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Heron's (Sir R.) Notes, second edition, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
 Hours of Sadness; or, Instruction & Comfort for Mourners, 5s.
 Hubert's (Rev. H. S. M.) England's Towers, 12mo, cl., 5s.
 Industrial Arts, Part 2, 7s.
 Invalid's Companion, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Jermyn's (L. E.) Poetry for Childhood and Youth, 7s.
 Kaye's History of the War in Afghanistan, 2 vols., £1 16s.
 Lardner on the Steam Engine, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
 Last Peer (The), 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
 Latham's (R. G.) Handbook of English Language, 8s. 6d.
 Livingstone's (The); a Story of Real Life, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
 Logic for the Million, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 M'Farlane's History of British India, 12mo, 7s.
 Margaret; a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, 2 vols., 14s.
 Pleasant Stories and Amusements for Young Folks, 2s. 6d.
 Sentiments and Similes of Shakespeare, carved, 21s.
 Statutes, 1851, royal 8vo, boards, 11s.
 Strickland and Young's Christian Endurance, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Whale (The), by Hermann Melville, 3 vols., cl., £1 11s. 6d.

DR. GUTZLAFF.

THE China Mail brings tidings of the death of Dr. Charles Gutzlaff, the well-known Chinese scholar, traveller, and missionary. He was a native of Stettin, in Prussia. In very early life, his ardent love of learning, and his adventurous spirit, brought him into public notice, and, receiving Royal patronage, he was offered situations of influence in his own country. But having resolved to devote himself to missionary labour in foreign parts, he volunteered to go to the Dutch settlements in the East, under the auspices of the 'Netherlands Missionary Society.' Before proceeding thither he came to England, where he became acquainted with many friends of missions, and especially with Dr. Morrison, then on a visit to this country after long residence in China. Dr. Morrison went out first in 1807, under the auspices of the 'London Missionary Society,' and becoming soon known as an able scholar, was appointed translator to the British Factory in China. He translated the entire Sacred Scriptures, and also completed a Dictionary, which was prepared under the patronage and published at the expense of the Directors of the

East India Company. This will ever be a standard work in Anglo-Chinese literature. His 'Horæ Sinicæ,' 'Chinese Miscellany,' and other works, are well known to philologists. This meeting with Dr. Morrison gave to Gutzlaff a strong bias toward China as his ultimate field of labour. In 1823, being then only in his twenty-first year, he proceeded to Singapore. This station was well suited both for his special work and for his general studies, the population being a mixed one of Chinese, Malays, Siamese, and surrounding nations. For the acquisition of languages he had remarkable aptitude. We have seen a letter from a British resident then at Singapore, in which it is said that before Gutzlaff had been there two years, he was able to converse fluently in five eastern languages, and to read and write as many more. In 1824, Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor of Bencoolen, in Sumatra, took possession of Singapore, on account of aggressions made by the Dutch on British trade. It had been restored to the Dutch in 1814, with their other insular possessions in the East, according to the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna. Sir Stamford Raffles was supported in what he had done by the British Government, chiefly through the influence of Mr. Canning, the President of the Board of Control. Mr. Canning obtained a select committee, and commissioners being also appointed from the Netherlands, a new treaty was formed, by which all the settlements on the continent of India, with Malacca and Singapore, were ceded to England, the Dutch acquiring in exchange Bencoolen, and all the Company's rights in Sumatra. Under the new government, Singapore rapidly increased in prosperity. Dr. Gutzlaff was thus brought into contact with the British Government, Sir Stamford Raffles extending to him his patronage and friendship. In August, 1828, in company with Mr. Tomlin, an English missionary, Dr. Gutzlaff set out to visit the kingdom of Siam. They remained for six months at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, a city of vast population, estimated at that time at between 300,000 and 400,000, three-fourths of them being Chinese or their descendants. By the authorities and the people of Bangkok they were received with respect and hospitality. While Buddhism is the state religion, all others were tolerated, and the strangers often addressed multitudes in the heathen temples. Early in 1830, Gutzlaff returned alone to Siam, and in the spring of the following year made his first voyage to China. At Bangkok he became naturalised as a subject of the Celestial Empire, by adoption into a particular clan or family. Having assumed a Chinese name, and wearing the Chinese dress, and conforming to their customs, he visited, along with the crew of the junk in which he sailed, a large tract of the coast without any molestation. After a six months' voyage he reached Macao safely, December 13th, 1831, when he had the satisfaction of being welcomed by his friend Dr. Morrison. In February of the following year, an expedition was sent out by the East India Company to survey the coasts, and obtain information as to the ports where commerce might be established. The ship *Lord Amherst*, with able and accomplished officers, was commissioned to visit the coasts of China, Corea, Japan, and the Loo-Choo Islands. Dr. Gutzlaff was appointed surgeon and interpreter. Good public service was done by this voyage, and he made good use of so favourable an opportunity for becoming acquainted with many new parts. He was ever active also in the benevolent work which lay nearest his heart, and wherever the ship stopped he was out amongst the natives, dispensing his medicines and distributing his books. They returned to Macao early in September. In little more than a month he started on a third voyage, as far as Teesin and Mantchou Tartary. Of these three voyages a journal was published in 1834, containing much interesting information, and full of the author's personal adventures, told in unassuming, but highly graphic style.* He afterwards published two other works, 'A History of China,' and

'China Opened,' the last of which contains the most comprehensive and correct account yet given in English popular literature of the topography, history, customs, laws, and literature of the Celestial Empire.* In 1834, he was appointed interpreter to the British Superintendency, and subsequently secretary to the plenipotentiary, secretary to the government of Hong Kong, and superintendent of trade in China, which offices he held at the time of his death. Since the establishment of the British Government in Hong Kong, he has resided at Victoria, highly valued for his public services, and respected for his private worth. In 1849, when about to revisit Europe, after nearly twenty-seven years' absence, a meeting of the Chinese was held at Victoria, and an address was drawn up, part of which is worth transcribing, as illustrative at once of Chinese style and Dr. Gutzlaff's character:—

"The merchants, shopkeepers, and others of Hong Kong, send a respectful address to the Rev. Dr. Gutzlaff, Chinese secretary, on his departure to England, to mark their sense of his genius, ability, and unremitting attention to his duties. Since he came to this place his official character has been spotless as water, and not a cash has he ever received as a bribe. We bear in grateful remembrance the influence he has exercised in turning men to virtue. Men too often are conceited and scornful, but his Honour having regard for people's feelings, was uniformly kind and considerate. He treated others with politeness, and was truly a courteous, prince-like man, treating others as himself. We, the merchants, have long experienced his kindness, and were glad. Not being able to imitate the migrating birds (*lit. wild-ducks*) to accompany him, we send this address on his embarkation, as a token of our sincere regard for him, with the humble hope that he will descend to look upon it; when we shall consider ourselves fortunate."

This Chinese document was signed by 167 of the Hong Kong native merchants and traders. He returned to his post at Victoria in the following year, and was actively engaged there until a fortnight before his death, which took place on the 9th of August last, caused by some affection of the kidneys, resulting in general dropsy. He had just completed his forty-eighth year. His funeral was attended by the governor, as chief mourner, and by all the public functionaries, with a great concourse of people. 'The Friend of China,' in announcing his decease, speaks of him in terms of mingled admiration and regret. "To the British government and to the people of China, his loss will be a severe one indeed." After speaking of his official character, reference is thus made to his personal piety and missionary zeal:—"The dawn of day found him deep in study, or earnest in prayer with the Chinese converts he had drawn about him. The hours in which it was necessary for him to attend the government offices being concluded, with hardly a moment's rest, his remaining energies were immediately bent on the work of spreading Christian truth." This way of his life we have heard from other sources. The whole of the early morning was devoted to the religious instruction of successive classes of Chinese who came to his house. From ten till four, he was occupied with government duties. After a very brief interval, he went out for the rest of the evening, preaching in public places, or teaching from house to house. He also, from time to time, made excursions to different places, accompanied by native teachers. All this toil was voluntary and unremunerated, for, except when he first went out to the East, he was not connected with any missionary society. A few friends in New York and London sent occasionally, we believe, some contributions for purchasing books and medicines, but the work was mainly carried on at his own cost. He was a man of generous, self-denying spirit, in zeal for every good work untiring, and in labour indefatigable. He early inured himself to hardships, and in his devotedness to his work of spreading Christian truth, he was regardless of privations and dangers. His medical skill and great learning often opened a way for him where few Europeans could have gained access, and wherever he was known he was beloved by the natives. They used to say sometimes that he must

* Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China, in 1831, 1832, and 1833. By Charles Gutzlaff. Westley and Davis.

* China Opened. An Account of the Topography, History, Laws, &c., of the Chinese Empire. By C. Gutzlaff, D.D. 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

be a descendant of some Chinese family, who had emigrated to the Isles of the Western Ocean. What has been the result of labours so abundant and well-directed, will be a natural inquiry. Of the purely religious and spiritual fruits of his missionary work, it is out of our province to speak; suffice it to say, that of these he witnessed enough to recompense him for all his toil and self-denial. But on the history and destinies of the Chinese empire, the influence of Dr. Gutzlaff, and other Christian missionaries, will hereafter be spoken of with grateful admiration. In the brief space of a quarter of a century, none could expect much visible effect upon a region so vast, and for so many ages impenetrable to all external influence.

But by the translation and circulation of the Scriptures, the seed of new social and political, as well as religious life has been sown. To Dr. Morrison, and to Milne, Medhurst, and other worthy associates, the honour is chiefly due of commencing the work of Christian civilization on the solid ground of Scripture truth. Believing that any great result on the nation could only be effected through native agency, Dr. Gutzlaff organized an association called the "Christian Union," every member of which was pledged to exert his influence for the spread of Christianity. To this scheme much opposition was made by those who are rigid sticklers for ecclesiastical order. In his way of using native agency, Dr. Gutzlaff was blamed for the same faults to which Whitefield pleaded guilty to his bishop—viz., "doing good in uncanonical hours and by irregular methods." Dr. Gutzlaff was amenable to no authority, yet the pain felt from the censure of former friends was said by his physicians to have led to his illness. He had lived, however, to see events which gladdened him as to the prospects of his adopted country. The present Emperor now not only admits full religious toleration throughout the empire, but has invited teachers and missionaries to come to the capitol. His favourite counsellor is the Prince Keying, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Gutzlaff, and has long professed himself a Christian. To this we may revert hereafter in noticing a work now in the press, entitled "Memoirs of the late Emperor of China and the Court of Pekin," on which Dr. Gutzlaff was engaged till shortly before his death. Meanwhile, we record with deep regret the passing away at comparatively an early age, of one who combined, in so remarkable a degree, piety and learning with public usefulness and private worth.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

We inserted a letter last week, with the signature 'Detector,' criticising a remark that fell from us, to the effect that Chantrey "was assisted by Allan Cunningham and other skilful workmen." The writer states that he was "no sculptor, but secretary and accountant," and censures the motives of 'honest Allan' "for fostering the delusion." From the replies which this communication has elicited, we gather that Allan Cunningham truly was no sculptor in the strict sense of the word, and never professed himself one, yet he was still a skilful workman, and assisted Chantrey from an early period of his career. "I visited Chantrey's studio," says one of our correspondents, "as far back as thirty years since. I was introduced into it by a letter from my late friend, Charles Lamb, to his brother poet, Allan Cunningham, whom I found with chisel and mallet in hand, working away at a block of marble intended for a bust." "Allan Cunningham," says another correspondent, than whom no one is better qualified to speak on the subject, "never called himself a 'sculptor'—never sought to be considered an artist—but described himself as foreman of Chantrey's works—not what 'Detector' would dignify him 'secretary and accountant'—grand titles at which 'honest Allan' would indeed have laughed. Chantrey, in his will, describes Mr. Cunningham as his 'friend and assistant.' Cunningham was bred a mason, and went so far as at times to write 'mason' after his name in some of his favourite books. The artists or sculptors at Chantrey's were Legé, Fred. Smith,

Heffernan, Theakstone, Ternouth, Legrew, and Weekes. The last two only are alive. Mr. Legrew is a gentleman of fortune, who follows the art he understands so well, more as an amusement than a profession; and Mr. Weekes's merits have been properly recognised by the Royal Academy, and by many committees entrusted with the erection of public monuments."

In reply to another correspondent, who asks whether Allan Cunningham, the poet and assistant of Chantrey, was identical with, or related to, Allan Cunningham the botanist, we may reply that they were different men, not related, and probably unknown to each other. Allan Cunningham, the botanist and traveller, son of a gardener at Wimbledon, was employed in the same capacity, together with a younger brother, in the Royal Gardens of Kew. Subsequently he was appointed a botanical collector to that establishment, and made several voyages to the Brazils, New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land. He circumnavigated Australia several times with Captain King in H. M. S. *Beagle*, and visited Norfolk Island and New Zealand. After an absence of seventeen years, he returned to England, and resided in the vicinity of Kew until the death of his brother, who had sailed also to New South Wales, and obtained the office of Colonial Botanist. Allan was appointed to succeed him, and went out again to Sydney, in which place he died about three years after.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 23.

IN matters which affect their national or personal vanity, the French are by no means very agreeable people to deal with. This vanity is so extraordinarily sensitive that the slightest thing in the world wounds it, and the slightest wound gives deep offence. People acquainted with them are, therefore, not at all surprised to find them just now in a thundering passion against the English nation; for the Great Exhibition of London has closed, and they have not carried off all the prizes. Now, this can only be the result of scandalous injustice, and of the notorious perfidy of perfidious Albion. It proves, they say, that the prizes were packed in the most infamous way, and displayed the most abominable partiality; that the whole Exhibition was a gigantic humbug and fraud; that the entire English people entered into a dark conspiracy to deprive France of her just "glory," and to pillage from her the most remarkable productions of her taste and genius. But, thank Heaven! there is, they cry, the universe to appeal to, and it will, they are sure, proclaim, trumpet-tongued, that France has been most grievously wronged by her envious rival. They have, accordingly, solemnly appealed to "the whole world;" and *en attendant* its reply, they are making their newspapers and periodicals heap, day after day, whole columns of abuse and invective on Prince Albert, on the Exhibition, on the juries, on the executive committee, on the royal commission, on London, on the cockneys, on the English newspapers, and on the English nation.

An ill-natured man might, however, remind the French that they would, perhaps, do well to read now and then the 'Discourse to the Velches,' of their great countryman, Voltaire: they would there find their vanity mercilessly jeered, and would learn facts which would, perhaps, restrain them from unseemly and ridiculous exhibitions of it. "O Velches, my countrymen!" wrote the great genius, "if you be superior to the ancient Greeks and the ancient Romans, never bite the breasts of your nurses, never insult your masters, be modest in your triumphs. Reflect whom you are, and from whence you come. You had the honour, it is true, of being subjugated by Julius Cæsar, who hanged your parliament at Vannes, sold the rest of your inhabitants, cut off the hands of those of Querci, and afterwards governed you with great mildness. You remained more than five hundred years under the laws of the Roman empire; and during that time your Druids, who treated you as slaves, and who piously roasted you

in baskets, had not quite so much credit as before. Admit, then, that you were somewhat of barbarians." He then enumerates, in his own scoffing way, the long-continued oppressions of the English in France, and cries—"But, notwithstanding that miserable state, your compilers, whom you call historians, designate you as the 'first people of the universe,' and your kingdom as the 'first kingdom.' That is not civil for other nations. You are, however, a brilliant and an amiable people: and if you joined modesty to your graces, the rest of Europe would be pleased with you."

The Italian Theatre has re-opened with great *éclat*, and promises to have a successful season with Madame Barbieri Nini, and the rest of its new staff. The lady has already risen to the highest point of favour in Parisian esteem;—she has given us, in fact, a specimen of the *reni, vidi, vici* style. At the other theatres there has been the usual supply of vaudevilles and melodramas; but the only pieces worthy of mention are two vaudevilles by Leon Gozlan—one called *Le couche d'une Etoile*, the other bearing the strange title of *Dieu merci le couvert est mis*. Gozlan, you are aware, is one of our most brilliant writers, though not so widely known as many who are far his inferiors. In his first-mentioned vaudeville, he represents two English noblemen, rivals for the favour of a distinguished actress, and he has contrived to disguise want of incident and imperfection of plot beneath sparkling dialogue and telling wit. For many a month past a vaudeville of such great literary merit has not been produced in France. The other is a laughable piece of a coarser quality. A manservant, after a hard day's work, is engaged in laying out the table, when the lady's-maid, with whom he is in love, enters. "Ah, my dear," says he, "you will cry with me, 'Thank Heaven, the table is spread!'"—"No, I won't," says she.—"You won't?—why not?"—"Because I won't," she answers. Annoyed at her refusal, he demands that she shall repeat the phrase after him;—she refuses;—he insists—she persists—and at last they quarrel, and throw chairs at each other's heads. The master and mistress, who have just come from celebrating their marriage, enter, and inquire into the cause of the disturbance. On being answered, the husband says to the wife, "Give your maid, my dear, an example of obedience—say after me 'Thank Heaven, the table is spread!'"—"No, indeed, I will not," cries the wife, in flat rebellion. The astonished husband demands obedience—the wife peremptorily refuses, and they end by pelting each other with the napkins. The papa and mamma then come in—the former, on being told what has taken place, orders madame to repeat the phrase at once after him, to show how submissive she is to conjugal authority. But she too flatly refuses, and after high words, sends the plates at her husband's head, to which he responds by levelling the glasses and decanters at her's. Now, no doubt you wonder why I have taken the trouble to relate the absurd plot of this piece to you. The reason is this—the vaudeville, it seems, is an adaptation from the Russian, and we are told that of all the comedies, tragedies, dramas, vaudevilles, and farces, ancient and modern, native and foreign, which exist, there is not one which affords more amusement to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias. Over and over again does he cause it to be represented in the Court Theatre, at St. Petersburg, and every time, from beginning to end, an august grin stations on his physiognomy, and an imperial giggle agitates his sides. The Emperor, to be sure, has the same right as the rest of us to be amused with trifles, and it is happy for him that he is able to be so; but really one knows not whether to laugh with Democritus or weep with Heraclitus at the idea of the absolute master of the liberty, the property, and the lives of countless millions, displaying more than childish delight at the frequent repetition of a silly and extravagant piece of stage tomfoolery.

It is, if I mistake not, generally believed that the Chinese have the most elaborate collection of laws of any people in the world; their legislators

[October 25]

having deigned to draw up provisions for the most ordinary concerns of every man's life, as well as for the regular government of the country and the protection to person and property. We ourselves, too, are not badly provided in this respect—the statutes at large, to wit; and perhaps in the length, the incomprehensibility, and the rigmarole of our legislative enactments, we can back ourselves against any other nation. But in one point, at all events—the printing and publication of books, periodicals, and journals—the French cast the Chinese and the English completely into the shade. "None but themselves can be their parallel." Since the Revolution of 1789 up to 1843, the extraordinary and incredible number of 81,366—eighty-one thousand three hundred and sixty-six—laws, decrees, and ordinances, have been issued for their guidance, in the use of the printing press;—viz., 3402 by the Constituent Assembly, 2078 by the Legislative Assembly, 14,034 by the National Convention, 2049 by the Directory, 3846 by the Consular Government, 10,254 by the Empire, 841 by Louis XVIII., 318 in the Hundred Days, 17,812 by Louis XVIII., 15,081 by Charles X., 10,931 by Louis Philippe—without including in the latter's reign 17,922 ordinances especially affecting private individuals. From 1843 up to the establishment of the Republic, and from that time to the present, the number has vastly increased. But taking the total at 81,366, and calculating fifty clauses to each—and fifty, it seems, is a moderate computation—we find that every French printer, writer, or publisher, if anxious to pay becoming respect to the laws of his country, should make himself acquainted with the astounding number of 4,068,300 legislative enactments;—added to which are two tremendous volumes of decrees of the sovereigns of the *ancien régime*, many of which are still in vigour. Well may we exclaim, with Dominic Sampson, "Prodigious!"

VARIETIES.

Arctic Exploration.—The decision of the Admiralty to send out another expedition next year to renew the search for Sir John Franklin, is confirmatory of the view which we took of the premature return of Captain Austin. We understand that no definite plans have yet been concerted, but we have every reason to believe that Victoria Channel will be thoroughly explored. We are glad to find that the officers of the American expedition, which has arrived at New York, entertain a strong opinion that our unfortunate countrymen went up Wellington Channel. Dr. Kane, of the *Rescue*, says, "If no trace of Franklin be found in the direction of Cape Walker, the inference seems to me irresistible, that he passed northward by Wellington Channel, and that he did not return." It cannot indeed be too strongly urged, that until Victoria Channel is diligently examined, the search for the lost expedition will not be complete, and we do sincerely trust that the Admiralty will give such directions to the commander of the expedition sent to that locality, as shall oblige him to use every means in his power to accomplish so desirable an object.

British Association.—As an instance of the good resulting from the provincial meetings of the British Association, we may announce that the local committee of Ipswich has this week presented the renowned museum of that town with a donation of £130, being the balance in hand, after paying all expenses, of the local funds subscribed in July last, for the reception of this scientific body. Let us hope that the men of Belfast, in which town the Association is to meet next year, will do as much for their equally-renowned Natural History Society.

British Archaeological Association.—On Friday, October 17th, the members of this Association and their friends, assembled in the Exchequer Court, Guildhall, to make the first of a series of visits to the Antiquities of the city of London. After hearing some papers read, they proceeded, under the guidance of Mr. Deputy Lott, to inspect the Hall, Library, Museum, and Crypt of Guildhall. The

party then proceeded to Bow Church, Cheapside. The Crypt here is considered the oldest structure in London, except the chapel of St. John, in the Tower. Stowe says that Bow Church was built in the reign of William the Conqueror, being the first church built on stone arches, hence called St. Marie de Arcubus, and also Le Bow in West Cheap. The Bow bells are noted from the earliest periods of the Church, and were rung as signal, at night, for the apprentices ceasing work. In 1284 the Church was put under interdict on account of a murder committed in the steeple. The whole church was rebuilt by Sir C. Wren after the great fire. A Roman pavement was discovered by Wren beneath the Norman crypt. The party thence proceeded to St. Mary's, Aldermary, another of Wren's churches, the crypt of which is now used as the wine-cellars of Gerard-Hall Hotel. In this hotel the proceedings of the day terminated with a dinner, to which upwards of seventy sat down, Mr. Pettigrew presiding.

Bardic Festival at Port Madoc.—The Eistedfodd, or Congress of Welsh Bards, took place at Port Madoc, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th inst., under the presidency of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Love Parry. The ceremony opened with a grand procession of druids, bards, minstrels, ovates, &c. After the President's address, Mr. Jones, the Bard-Laureate of the Eistedfodd, delivered an oration, and then the prizes were distributed. These rewards were bestowed on a great variety of merit. One obtained a medal for a short poem on the electric telegraph, another for the best specimen of Welsh wool. 15*l.* were given to the best poem 'On the Memory of Mr. W. A. Madock, the Founder of Tre-madoc'; 10*l.* to the best essay on 'The Means of Improving the Morals and Customs of the Welsh.' Dinners and entertainments varied the scene; Mr. Ellis Roberts, Harpist to the Prince of Wales, delighting the company on these occasions with his solos. It was resolved to have an annual Eistedfodd, to be held alternately in North and South Wales.

Dr. Thomas Wingard.—The Stockholm papers announce the death of Dr. Wingard, Archbishop of Upsal, and Primate of Sweden. He was Professor of Sacred Philosophy in the University of Lund. He has bequeathed his library, of upwards of 34,000 volumes, and his rich collection of coins, medals, and Scandinavian antiquities, to the University of Upsal.

Mr. H. T. Borrell, a well-known practical numismatist, died on the 2nd instant, at Smyrna. He spent a long and honourable life in forming some valuable collections of Greek coins, and contributed descriptions of several inedited coins to different antiquarian periodicals. He published also a memoir on the coins of Cyprus.

Dr. Ogle is appointed to succeed the late Dr. Kidd as Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.

Professor Gorini.—This gentleman, who is professor of natural history at the university of Lodi, made, before a circle of private friends, two nights ago, a very remarkable experiment illustrative of his theory as to the formation of mountains. He melts some substances, known only to himself, in a vessel, and allows the liquid to cool. At first it presents an even surface, but a portion continues to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations are formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification the resemblance is complete, and M. Gorini can produce on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. He contends, therefore, that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state, and then allowed gradually to consolidate.—*Times*.

German Literature.—We learn from Cologne, that a new novel, 'Die Königin der Nacht,' (the Queen of Night), by Herr Lerin Schücking, has just been completed in the feuilleton of the *Kölner Zeitung*, and that its publication in a separate form may be expected. Another interesting work, viz., 'Nameless Geschichten, (Nameless Stories), by Herr Hackländer, part of which appeared in the same

paper, has now been published by Krabbe, of Stuttgart. Dr. Karl Simrock's translation of the 'Niedelungen Lied' is just now advertised in a *seventh* edition. M. Bacourt's edition of the correspondence between the Counts of Mirabeau and De la Mark, has appeared in a German translation by Herr J. Ph. Städtler, late secretary of the Count De la Mark. Herr Wolfgang Müller, a poet, whose diction and tendencies show some affinity to Thos. Moore, has just published 'Lorelei,' a collection of songs and ballads. The German reviewers assure us that Herr Müller has succeeded in producing some interesting traits, even in this hackneyed subject. From Weimar, we learn that the third and last volume of Göthe's correspondence with Frau Von Stein has just left the press.

Holland.—The Royal Institute of Sciences, Letters, and the Fine Arts of the Netherlands, took an extraordinary resolution in its general assembly at Amsterdam on the 18th. It adopted an address to the King, beseeching him to decree its dissolution. The ground of this strange application is, that the sum of 10,000 florins (about 800*l.*) annually allowed by the government is totally insufficient to meet even its ordinary expenses, and that it is therefore impossible to fulfil the important duties entrusted to it. For many years past the Institute has been soliciting the government for an increased allowance, but, in spite of the promises of successive ministers, without success; and as this year the minister of the interior has refused to ask for more than the 10,000 florins from the Chambers, it has lost all hopes.

Russia.—The Russian government, with the view of improving the moral condition of the Jews in the empire and in Poland, authorises some of the best works in the literature of countries of Western Europe to be circulated amongst them. By special order of the Emperor a translation into Hebrew of Fenelon's *Telemache* has just been brought out, and great numbers of copies have already been sent to the Jews. This is the first time this work, though so popular in almost every part of the civilized world, has been rendered in Hebrew.

Foreign Encouragement to Art.—England we fear will never vie with foreign countries in the public encouragement of the Fine Arts. The petty state of Belgium, for example, though with nothing like the wealth of this country, not only allows a magnificent sum annually from the public treasury for the patronage of artists, but her public bodies and institutions nobly tax themselves for the same purpose. This very week the municipality of the town of Tournai has given not less than 1200*l.* for M. Gaillait's painting of the "Last honours rendered to Counts d'Egmont and de Horn," which was shown in the recent Exhibition at Brussels.

The Council Medals and Prizes of the Exhibition.—Many complaints, as might be expected, are heard, at home and abroad, of the awards connected with the prize competitions. One of the most conspicuous cases is that of the great medal for pianofortes. The Musical Jury had decided in favour of the Messrs. Broadwood, *unanimously*, one juror only out of ten being absent from the meeting when the award was finally made. The decision was reversed by the Council of Chairmen of Juries, to whom this power was reserved by the regulations, but in no other case of importance exercised. Against this decision a protest appears in the papers, signed by Sir Henry Bishop, Dr. Schafhautl, Chevalier Neukomm, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Professor Cipriani Potter, and Sir George Smart. Appeal is made to Prince Albert and the Royal Commissioners. No remedy can now probably be applied, but the knowledge of this award, so opposed to ordinary principles of adjudication, may bring consolation to many who have less obvious grounds of dissatisfaction.

Rembrandt.—Letters from the Hague state, that on Thursday last, the statue of Rembrandt, modelled by M. Royer, was cast in bronze at the foundry of MM. Entham and Co., in presence of several persons of distinction. The operation was perfectly successful. The statue, although sixteen feet in height, and of colossal dimensions, does not exceed 18,000 kilos in weight; it is already in the hands

of the chasers, and will shortly be erected at Amsterdam, in which city Rembrandt died in 1674.

German Theatricals.—‘Das Gefängniss,’ (the goat), a new farce, by K. Benedix, was first acted at the Hamburgh theatre, on the 17th inst. The Hamburgh papers describe it as ‘a pleasing piece,’ which was acted with ‘a comfortable humour, and with a good execution of the details.’ Immermann’s tragedy of ‘Alexis’ has been revived at the Oldenburg theatre.

Theatrical Jealousy.—A Trieste journal states that Collini, a singer, having conceived a violent animosity against a fellow performer, named Fraschini, on account of his superior success, went to his lodgings at Venice (in which city they were both singing) on the morning of the 10th, and after a few minutes’ friendly conversation, stabbed him several times in the heart; after which he took to flight.

Banking Institute.—An institution with this title is in course of formation in London, having for its objects stated meetings of those connected with banking business, for reading and discussion of papers, for republication of rare or useful works, establishment of guarantee fund for officials, and a central room as a library and place of meeting. Many bankers in town and country have promised it their support.

The Nicaragua Transit Route.—Several steamers are kept in readiness to take passengers across. The road from Virgin Bay, on the Lake side, to San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, about twelve miles long, is in a good state, and can be travelled over on good mules in about three hours. Passengers will be carried from the Atlantic to the Pacific in about four days, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic in thirty-six hours.—*St. Lucia Palladium.*

Meteorology.—The Berlin Statistical Bureau has just published an interesting contribution to the progress of meteorology, namely, Herr A. Dore’s report on the observations made in 1848 and 1849, at the various stations of the Prussian Meteorological Institution.

Journals in France.—The number of Journals of all kinds in France is now 750—400 of which are published in Paris alone. The first newspaper established in that country was started in 1632, by a physician named Renaudot.

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" "	"	2000	153 1 7	2390 19 11	64
" "	"	500	34 3 0	593 3 0	52
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August, 1839....	12	5000	284 0 6	5937 1 1	65
" "	"	5000	253 4 0	5819 17 10	29

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